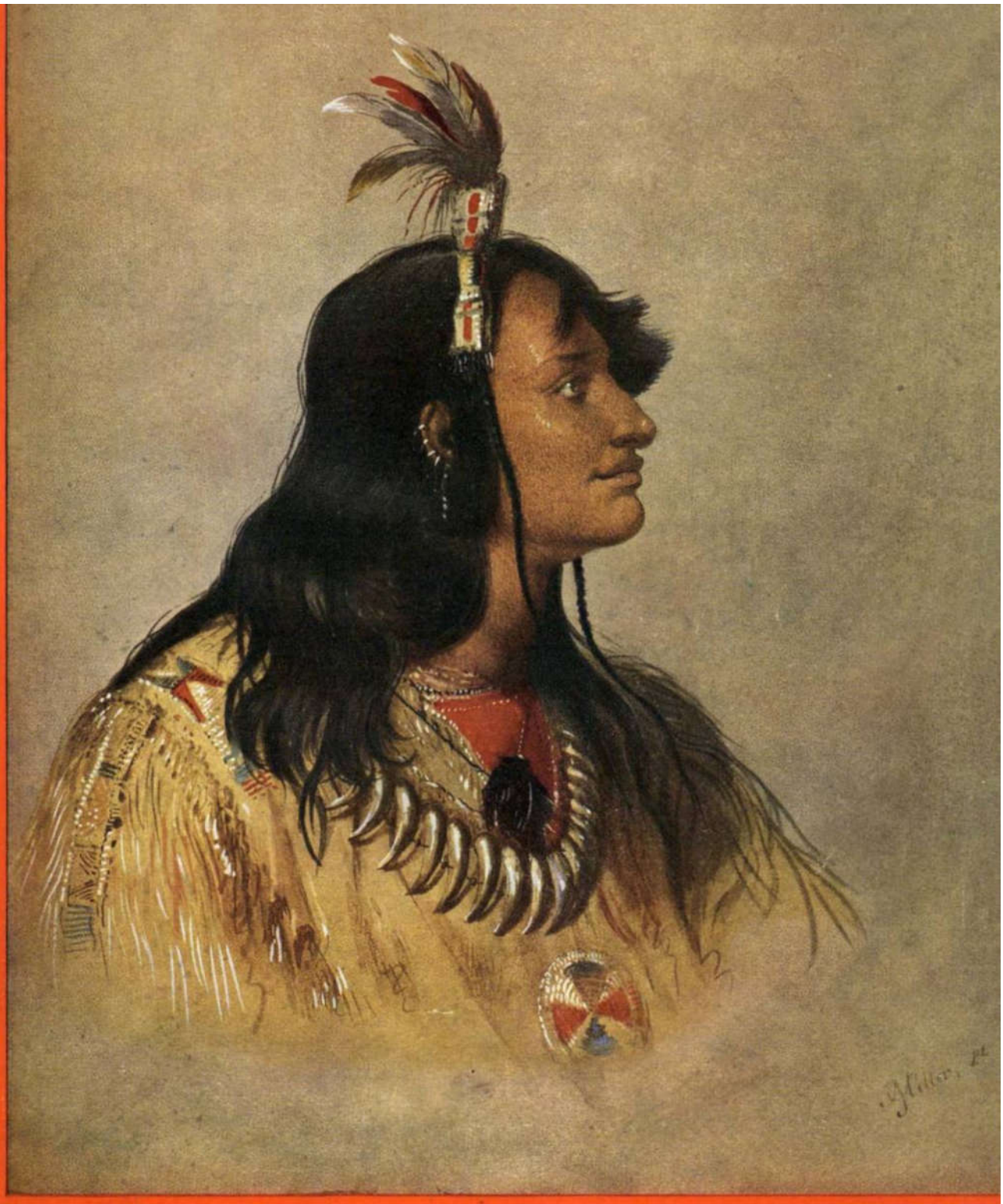
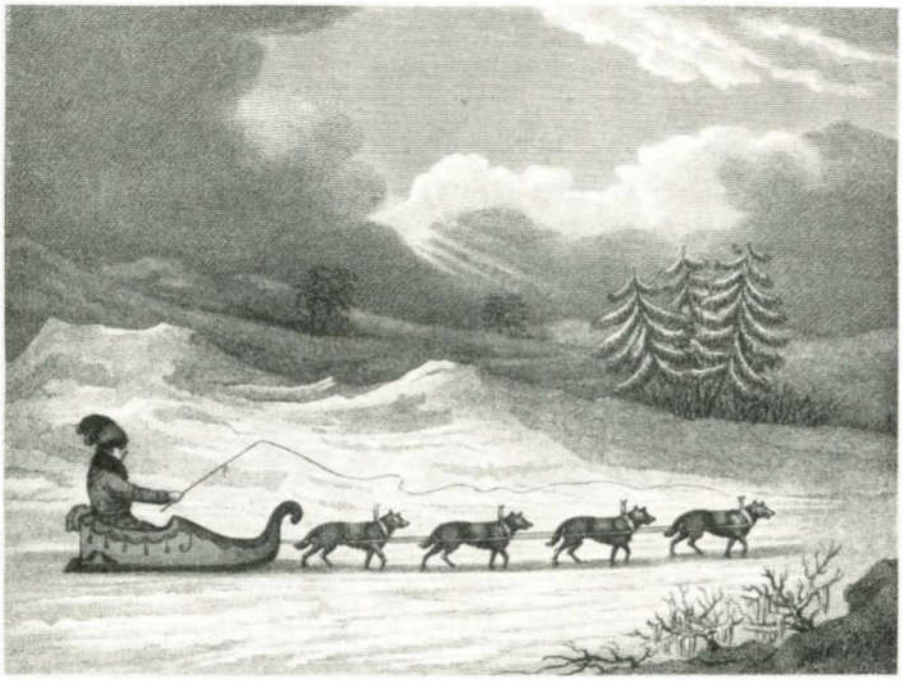


Ma-wo-ma, by Alfred Jacob Miller. Public Archives of Canada.

The Beaver

WINTER, 1954

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH



"Sledge drawn by dogs, used by European traders at Hudson's Bay, and on the southern coast of Labrador." From Chappell's "Voyage to Hudson's Bay" 1817.

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Clifford Wilson, Editor

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TIDEWATER to LAKEHEAD

The development of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway has been going on intermittently since the days of Louis XIV

by Hugh Boyd

Photographs by Rosemary Gilliat

IT would be picturesque to be able to say that the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence deep waterway was begun by King Louis XIV of France and finished by Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent of Canada. This is not quite true, at either end of the story, yet both the Grand Monarch, the autocrat, and the head of a democratic state have had their part to play. That of the French king was minor and indeed ineffectual; that of the Canadian prime minister was major and, because of the international difficulties attending every step of the way, impressive.

Nothing was said about these matters on the sunny 10th of August, 1954, when Mr. St. Laurent, Governor Dewey of New York and other notables attended scenes of mingled formality and rejoicing on both sides of the St. Lawrence River in the neighborhood of Massena, N.Y., and Cornwall, Ontario.

August 10, of course, was an occasion dedicated to hydro-electric power rather than navigation; it marked the first step in an international project whereby the river level will be raised for the generation of power. But without that ceremony, there could be no seaway as the term has come to be understood, no continuous waterway of 27 feet minimum depth from the Atlantic Ocean to the head of the Great Lakes.

The 654-foot "John E. F. Misener" of Colonial Steamships Ltd. takes on a cargo of grain at Port Arthur. She is able to carry over 680,000 bushels.

Not for practical purposes, at any rate. It is true that Canada already operates a system of 14-foot canals on its own side of the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence between Cornwall and Prescott, but even with an expanding economy it has not been seriously suggested that this country should try to transform the present system into 27-foot canals while the river level remains as it is. Whether or not the engineers could do it, it would take a lot of digging.

But now that, after many anxieties and much political and legal manoeuvering, Ontario Hydro and the New York State Power Authority have at last been allowed to enter into a partnership to develop 2,200,000 horsepower in the International Rapids section—which project, as Governor Dewey pointed out, eclipses practically every other power scheme in the whole of his own country—the final act of the seaway becomes possible.

Thus the construction of the remaining links of the continuous 27-foot passage over a 2,200-mile course into the heart of the continent depends only upon what the governments of Canada and the United States care to do about them. In the Upper Lakes section, the initiative rests with the United States; in the lower St. Lawrence section, the show is entirely Canadian; in a short but crucial stretch of 47 miles both countries have jurisdiction.

By the late summer of 1954, the position was this: the United States was committed to build two canals on its own side of the International Rapids section should Canada consent to do the remaining works in solely Canadian waters below (and above) that point. Nothing was said about American responsibilities in the Upper Lakes, but no one bothered too much about that, for the reason that if the down-river works were built the rest would be bound to follow in due course. After all, there is a large volume of United States shipping on the projected seaway, and particularly in its internal reaches.

The seaway is now assured. Assuming the continued partnership of neighbors, it makes little difference by whom the work is done. It will be done mainly by Canada in any event, irrespective of what happens in the International Section, where each country is now free to build whatever canals it pleases.

However, to return to Louis XIV. He, burdened down by all the state and personal affairs of an absolute monarch, may not have grasped the entire significance of a river in the barbarous North American continent; yet even then there were rumours of furs and perhaps other desirable

Mr. Boyd of the Ottawa Citizen is the author of the pamphlet on the seaway published by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs

commodities in the hinterland, depending on interior water transport.

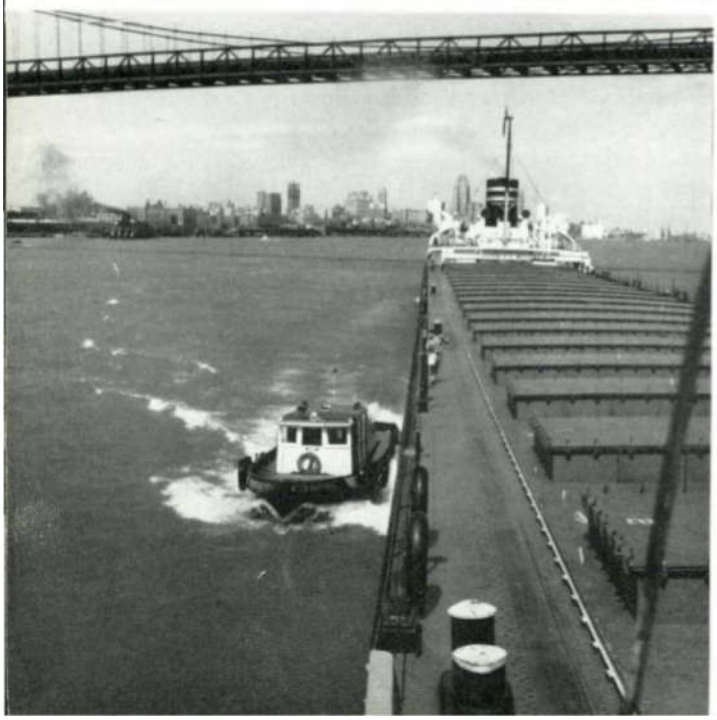
It was in the fall of 1700 that Dollier de Casson, superior of the Sulpicians, who were seigneurs of the island of Montreal, let a contract for the building of a canal. This was to be about one mile in length, 12 feet in width, and 18 inches deep at low water. The project lay between Montreal and Lake St. Louis, and was intended to bypass the most formidable section of the Lachine Rapids.

The contractor, whoever he was, went broke, though he made a valiant effort. The Sulpicians lacked sufficient revenue to complete this 18-inch canal. Their problem became known to Louis XIV who, in spite of many distractions, decided the work should be completed. *Le Roi Soleil* called for plans and estimates to this end (in 1708), but he died before the money was forthcoming.

As a matter of fact, very little more seems to have been done on this initial stage of the deep waterway (designed as it was in the first instance for the passage of freight canoes) until the British arrived on the scene. As was the case with some other canals of later days, notably Colonel By's ditch from the Ottawa River to Kingston, there was a strongly military cast to the first British works on the St. Lawrence. For the new landlords of Canada had hardly secured the title deeds before they were posed with the problem of defending their property from a new enemy.

In 1783 a document was signed which, among other things, traced a boundary line along 115 miles of the Iroquois River. This is the name assigned to the St. Lawrence by the authors of the "Treaty of Peace and Friendship between His Britannic Majesty George III and The United States of America." While the Revolutionary War was still in progress, the British had taken up the work at Lachine begun in the time of Louis XIV, and after the conflict of 1812-14 they went at the business in earnest.

As the "Misener" passes between Detroit (left) and Windsor, under the Ambassador Bridge, a mail boat draws alongside and puts the mail into a bucket which the man near the rail lets down.



The restored first lock at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. The original was built by the North West Co. in 1797-8, for canoes and boats.

The story of the deep waterway from there on is a complex affair, with one system of navigation improvements succeeding another, both along the St. Lawrence and in the connecting links between the Great Lakes. One important date is 1821, when construction began on the first Lachine Canal proper. This marked the transition from the old canoe route to something more ambitious. The depth was five feet.

That project was completed in 1824. During the next 80 years, the Lachine canal and others in the chain along the big river were progressively deepened to a uniform draught of 14 feet. This is how they all stand today, with the exception of Canada's special pride, the Welland Ship Canal, finished in 1932 at a cost of nearly $132 million. (Ask a contractor to do that job for you today for the same price.) The governing depth of the Welland Ship Canal is 25 feet, but very little work is required to bring it to the assigned depth of the seaway, which is 27 feet.

The military aspect of these works was of course prominent only until about the first third of the 19th century. Thereafter, it was assumed that Canada and the United States were going to pursue independent but amicable courses, and so commerce rather than defence set the pace.

But commerce had never been in the background. The fur trade was intimately linked with the early enterprise between Montreal and Lake Ontario, and was indeed the dominant factor along hundreds of miles of the meandering water route into the heart of the continent.

Early military expeditions by the French were largely for the purpose of protecting a lucrative fur trade against the hostile Iroquois tribes who roved athwart both the Ottawa and St. Lawrence highways into the interior. Today, Kingston is a port of call on a peaceful waterway; that it exists at all is because Frontenac, as governor of New France, built in 1673 a fort bearing his name near the foot of Lake Ontario, and used it later as a base for the final taming of the Iroquois in that region.

Commerce was the inspiration of a pioneer improvement to navigation in the upper portion of the waterway more than a century after Frontenac's last exploits. In 1797 private enterprise undertook to find a way around the fast water of the St. Mary's River between Lakes Superior and Huron. The entrepreneur was the North West Company (which in those days was a source of considerable annoyance to another group of traders in roughly the same latitudes).

That canal, designed for the passage of fur boats, was a primitive affair, and was put out of business by invaders from the United States in 1814. It has the romantic interest of being the first navigation improvement on the Upper Lakes, and so makes technically correct the claim that there, as in the St. Lawrence, the first canals were built on the Canadian side of the long boundary line. National pride, however, can't dodge the fact that the first locks to handle shipping of any size were completed at the Sault by the United States in 1855, and that their smaller Canadian counterpart did not begin operation until forty years later.

Thus, a nibble here and a bite there, the refashioning of the St. Lawrence and of the connecting links between the Great Lakes has gone on through more than two centuries of canoes, sail and steam. Nowadays there are motorships in the river, the tramps of a new era—and elegantly dressed tramps some of them are. The smaller of the modern freighters, whether burning coal or oil, can negotiate the 14-foot canals of the upper river and so, if they have a mind to, go all the way to Port Arthur and Fort William. But this is a very restricted sort of seaway.

When the ideas of removing the restrictions began to take shape is difficult to say. One of the difficulties is that a seaway appropriate to the shipping of one century might be obsolete for the next. The St. Lawrence waterway has yet to catch up in this respect, in spite of the dogged progress from five feet to nine feet to fourteen feet.

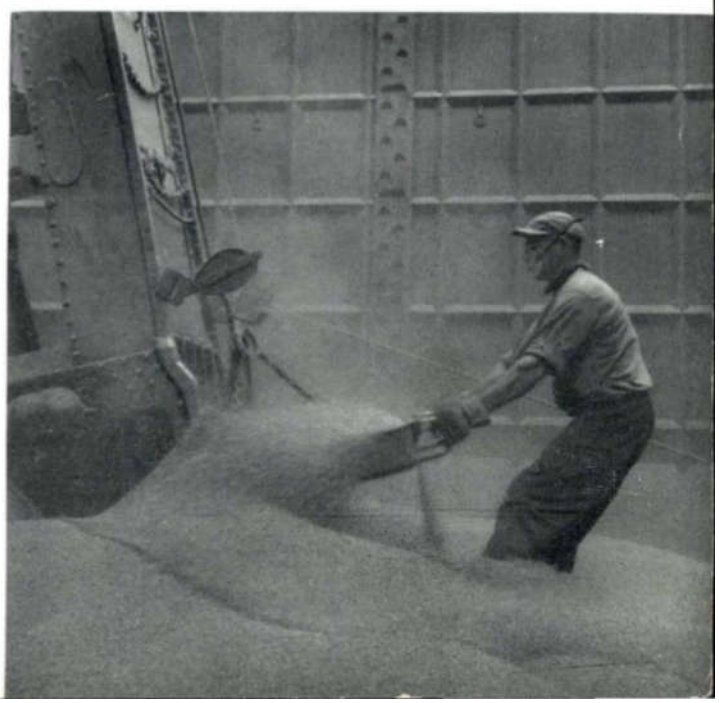
Today, of course, there is a continuous 35-foot ship channel from Montreal to the Gulf—its completion is of quite recent date—and a minimum depth of at least 25 feet for the greater part of the journey between one end of the Great Lakes chain and the other. There is also the magnificent Welland Ship Canal, the culmination of an equally magnificent series of efforts, starting in 1824, to carry vessels by gentle stages down the 326 feet of the Niagara escarpment.

Canada may well be proud of the Welland Ship Canal, that stately water stairway in eight stages (as compared with 26 stages for the third and final canal). It was built between the end of the First Great War and the middle of the great depression, and it was quite an achievement. It stands roughly midway between the era of the pick-and-shovel and the bulldozer.

But, to talk in terms of relativity, surely the most impressive performance of all was that of the sweating hordes who built the 14-foot system of canals which is largely in existence today. Not so long ago an engineer closely identified with the modern seaway gave his opinion that those 14-foot canals of the last century were the real triumph of the entire project. Not that they were unique. In that remarkable era of canal-building on the North American continent, there were several others, and among them should take high rank the 47-stage operation by Colonel By along the Rideau River between 1826 and 1832, amid primeval forest and swamp and the obscure sources of disease and death.

It is small wonder that the industrious canal-diggers of those days should start thinking of still more ambitious projects. In his book *The St. Lawrence Waterway Project* (1930), G. W. Stephens, who among other things had been president of the Montreal Harbor Commission, finds evidence of grandiose dreams as far back as 1832. He quotes an anonymous pamphleteer writing from St. Catharines, U.C., who, cannily muting his enthusiasm lest he be dis-

At Port Colborne, upper entrance to the Welland Canal, huge "legs" are let down into the "Misener's" hold. Inside them a bucket-and-chain mechanism lifts the grain up to the elevator on the left. And down in the hold, when the grain gets low, masked men scoop it towards the feet of the legs.



missed as a crank, tries to prepare the minds of his countrymen for great undertakings in such a passage as this:

"From the imperfect and irregular information which has been, from time to time, communicated to the publick of Upper Canada, a very incorrect and insufficient estimate is generally entertained, on the extent of those indirect burthens which we sustain, from not possessing an uniform, adequate, speedy, and consequently cheap internal communication with the sea-board; by which the rate of transport would be diminished on our exported produce and imported wants."

This unknown writer may have been connected with the private company which was then just on the point of completing the first Welland Canal, to a depth of eight feet on the sills. His general theme was the deepening of the channels between the sea and the inland harbors of the Great Lakes, and perhaps the controlling 14-foot canals which were finished by 1904 would have seemed wonderful to a man dreaming a brave dream in 1832.

So there was a deep waterway 2,000 miles long by the beginning of the 20th century. It then became a matter of making it still deeper. But from 14 to 27 feet, the goal which gradually emerged, is a pretty formidable step. The task began, for the first time, to be thought of in terms of an international partnership.

Apart from the question of cost, it was becoming apparent that the kind of operations now emerging would alter the character of the waterway, along parts of which runs the boundary between Canada and the United States. For the present century was still young when men began to think in terms of hydro-electric power as well as navigation. Power development meant dams, the flooding out of rapids, and the replacement of fast water by quiet if unspectacular lakes. Power opened the way to deeper navigation canals at much less expense.

Whatever Canada could do in its own territorial waters towards the exploitation of this marvellous new resource, its hands were obviously tied where a source of power was shared with the United States. At Niagara, for example, and also in the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence, that stretch of 47 miles in which the river drops 92 feet between Chimney Point (below Prescott) and the head of Lake St. Francis (below Cornwall).

So far as navigation is concerned, the International Rapids section has always been the key to the modern seaway scheme. The Welland Ship Canal around Niagara Falls lies in wholly Canadian waters, but a similar solution in the Prescott-Cornwall reach of the St. Lawrence has never seemed practicable. In this section, it has always been assumed that the river levels would have to be raised in order to make possible the jump from a 14-foot to a 27-foot waterway. This meant an international arrangement of some kind.

Looking back at it now, we can see that the ceremonies of August 10, 1954, attended by Messrs. St. Laurent, Dewey, Frost, *et al.*, were really made possible by a step taken forty-five years ago. This was the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909, under which was set up the International Joint Commission. For it is this commission which approves alterations in boundary streams.

The First Great War postponed any further plans, except that in 1918 the International Joint Commission had to give a more or less snap judgment on diversion of St. Lawrence water for increasing production of aluminum at Massena, on the New York side of the Long Sault rapids. But the situation was not allowed to get out of hand, and when further proposals were made for diversions the Canadian government strongly opposed "a piecemeal policy." Rather, it insisted, the enormous potential of the St. Lawrence "should be developed in the most efficient and economical manner for future generations."

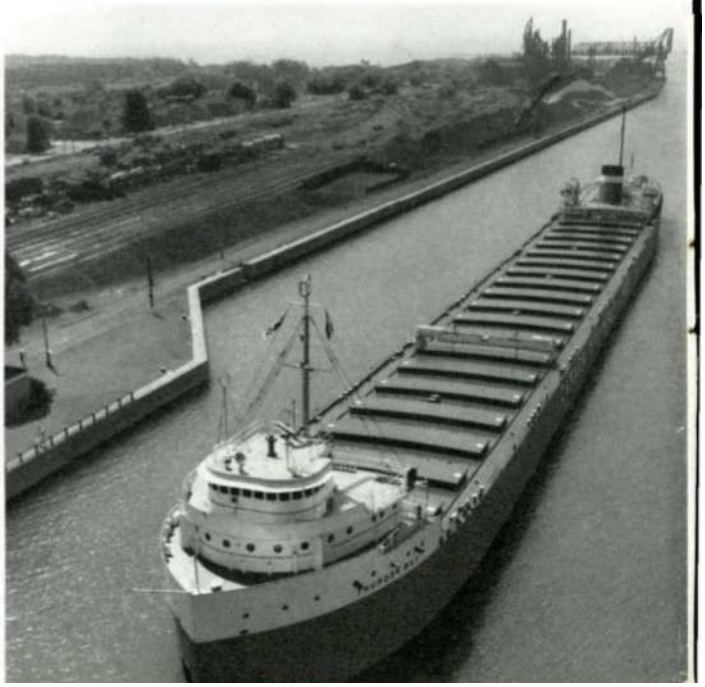
This has been the accepted principle ever since.

From 1919 onward there gradually took shape the plan for combining power and navigation in the International Rapids section and for extending this Canadian-American partnership to the various other river and lake channels which needed to be brought to a minimum depth of 27 feet. And a long and tedious business it was.

Opposition was to be found in Canada as well as south of the border, but it was not nearly so sustained. The leading Canadian antagonists in the beginning were the port and business interests of Montreal and the Shipping Federation of Canada; and after the International Joint Commission approved in principle the deep waterway scheme and recommended further joint engineering studies, these groups protested loudly that it would be very bad for the entire country and incidentally for Montreal and the Canadian shipping business.

One point in their attack was that under no circumtances should canals in Canadian territory be built and controlled internationally. Well, they ought to be pleased about the outcome on that particular score because, with the scrapping (by Canada) in 1952 of an international agreement which the American Congress would not ratify, a new arrangement has emerged whereby each country

The 664-foot "Thunder Bay" does not discharge its cargo of grain at Port Colborne, but proceeds through the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario, and transfers it at Kingston or Prescott to a shallow-draught "canaller."



At the entrance to the Galop Canal in the International Rapids section, an ocean freighter appears to glide across the lawn. Right: Ships in the Soulanges Canal which connects Lake St. Francis with Lake St. Louis.

will do whatever navigation works it sees fit in its own territorial waters. In all probability, there will be a double system of canals in the International Rapids section, and separate tolls; this will be for economic reasons, because there will almost certainly be enough traffic to warrant the parallel canals, as at Sault Ste. Marie.

But long before this present stage was reached, opposition to the seaway had become much more subdued and indeed had virtually disappeared. Montreal might not be enthusiastic, but it seemed no longer to fear that grass was going to be growing on St. James Street, any more than it did after the passing of the old fur brigades.

Perhaps one reason Montreal has become reconciled is the likelihood that it will continue to be the terminus for a great deal of trans-Atlantic commerce. The big but specialized lake carriers will be able to come further down the waterway than they do now, but is it any more probable that they will venture beyond the Gulf of St. Lawrence. than that every deep sea freighter will care to thread the whole of the intricate inland waterway leading into the heart of the continent? Almost certainly, there will still be a great deal of trans-shipment, but one of the trans-shipment stages will be removed.

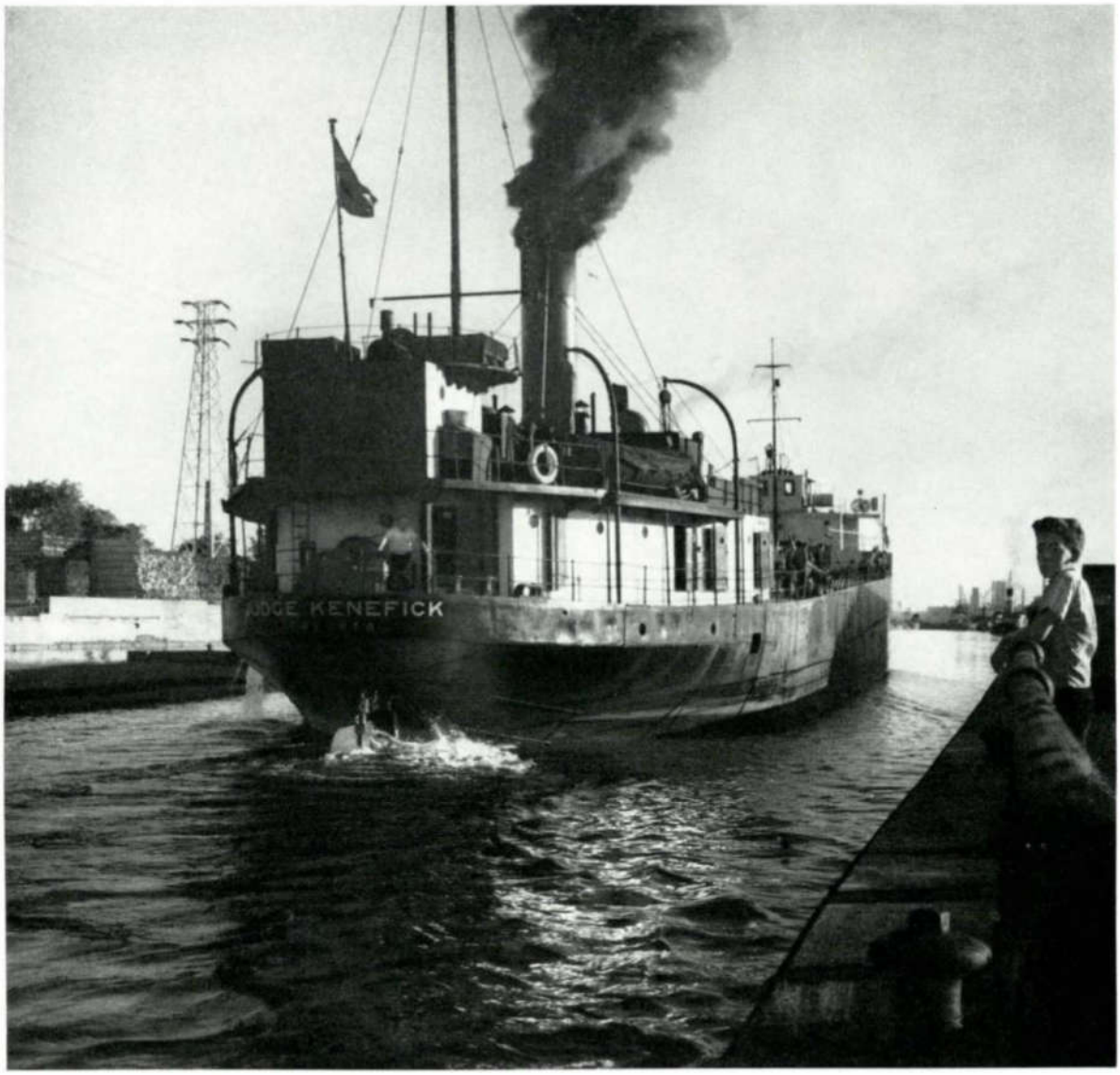
This is the real significance of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence deep waterway. It will be a *seaway*, yes; but the bulk of the traffic will be internal, moving between the Gulf at one extreme and the Lakehead at the other, and with many shorter voyages in between. A large proportion of the freight will undoubtedly originate in the vast iron ore deposits of Labrador, being picked up at the Seven Islands railway terminus for shipment westward.

While the Canadian critics retired more or less gracefully from the scene some time ago, those in the United States, who were more diverse, clung on stubbornly until the middle of 1954, when they took two punishing blows. The first was from Congress, who adopted a bill committing the United States to navigation works from the Thousand Islands to the foot of the Long Sault rapids. The second, which was the knockout, was administered by the United States Supreme Court to the last ditchers, a group of real estate owners on the shore of Lake Ontario at Rochester.

So it has taken more than 30 years of steady and often almost despairing effort to make a start on the final stage of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence deep waterway. Maybe its supporters should not have been discouraged. Strong interests also fought the Panama Canal.

Most Canadians agree that the seaway, and its attendant hydro-electric power, will be good for the country, and also good for North America as a whole—even though navigation is closed for several months of the year. So industries and communities will face a time of painful transition, but they will probably survive.

But there are going to be permanent casualties too, and one of these is that formidable chain of rapids, as much a part of the topography and history of Canada as the Rocky Mountains. It will all be quiet water, presently, in that perilous passage down which Amherst brought 10,000 soldiers to the capture of Montreal in 1760. Chrysler's Farm will be gone too, and many another link with the past. And the big ships will pass above the ancient landmarks, indifferent to their history. ◆



A freighter makes her way through the industrial section of the Lachine Canal, which circumvents the Lachine Rapids.

PIONEERS PREFERRED PIANOS

But the men who had to load them into boats, and struggle with them over portages, preferred piccolos.

by James McCook

Cartoons by L. S. Saw

THE Earl of Southesk at Fort Garry in 1859 visited the Roman Catholic nunnery where "two nice-looking dark girls of 14 came in and played several pieces on a piano-forte,—which, I confess, it surprised me to see in this remote and inaccessible land."

Little he knew.

The pioneers preferred pianos. No trouble was too much for a piano. On the prairies pianos and pemmican had a priority rating. Long before Southesk visited the buffalo country the men detailed to York boats, Red River carts and Victoria-bound barques knew pianos as the most cumbersome, contrary and delicate devices civilization had thrust upon them.

This disillusioned group favored the jew's harps played by the fur-trade apprentices at York Factory and the gentle flute that consoled John Tod at Fort Kamloops. Far better, in their view, the fiddles of the coachdrivers Pollinger and Brouillette scraping the measure as they sat on the bar of Kamoose Taylor's hotel at Fort Macleod. The bagpipes of Scots far from the misty isle might fail to keep time with the paddle strokes but they were no problem on portages.

Pioneer pianos played such masterpieces as "Charlie is My Darling" and "The Last Rose of Summer" and usually ignored Beethoven, Mozart and Handel. But they were heavy music for all who had to transport them—and a surprising number did.

In 1820, Mr. T. Browning, who called himself a "piano-forte manager," was advertising "grands, cabinets and squares" in Toronto, and the Bruce County girls invited to go west in the '60s and later exacted promises their pianos would follow them. The same was true of brides leaving the United Kingdom. In 1830 Governor Simpson, taking his new wife to Fort Garry, arranged for the forwarding of her piano. In 1840 Chief Factor James Hargrave, also newly-married, did not leave London for York Factory until he had ordered from Hamburg a "first-rate piano seasoned for any extremity of climate" to cost £36.

Mr. McCook is parliamentary correspondent for the Ottawa Journal. *He wrote "Peers on the Prairie" in the June 1953* Beaver.

Pacific Coast Indians must have thought pianos as important to white people as canoes were to them. The pianos practically arrived with the stockades. William John Macdonald, nursing his new H B C commission, sailed for Victoria in 1850 on the barque *Tory* and the captain's wife, Mrs. Duncan, had her piano aboard. On the leisurely voyage through the tropics she was accompanied by a passenger who played the metal flute and they danced after dinner on the quarterdeck.

But the Duncan piano was by no means the first. When Macdonald landed at Victoria he was invited to the Langford residence where he found the eldest daughter an excellent piano player. The home of Dr. J. S. Helmcken in Victoria is preserved as a museum. He built it in 1852 to house the furnishings and equipment he had taken around the Horn including his massive medicine chest and, of course, his piano. These mementoes of health and happiness are on public display today.

John Tod, taking his ease in 1855 at Victoria, was a member of a musical group which welcomed his flute, the others being Mrs. W. A. Mouat, piano, Mr. Pearse, violin, and Rev. Mr. Cridge, 'cello. The Indians crowded outside the palisade to listen.

"The fair Polly, who played on a horribly tuneless piano and sang in a querulous voice."

Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle were at Nanaimo in 1863 and heard "Miss F--- or the 'Fair Polly', about 19, who played on a horribly tuneless piano and sang in a querulous voice and was very shy." In the '60s, piano "professors" had appeared in Victoria, men of personality and vigour, who did not lack custom.

On the prairies the pianos were not as numerous and in 1882 Constable A. R. Dyre, stationed at seven-year-old Fort Calgary, lamented in a letter to Ontario that "all the music we have around here is a fiddle and mouth organ. I have not seen a piano since I left Toronto." But the foothills country was not being neglected. Mrs. Charles McKillop took the first piano to Lethbridge in 1887 and reported: "The day I arrived there was scarcely a sober man in the place." It was a celebration remembering Queen Victoria's ascent to the Throne in 1837. The piano was a civilizing influence and it may be assumed the next anniversary was spent by at least a few around the soft-toned instrument. But in Fort Macleod, and perhaps in Lethbridge, a good many must have remembered the days when the fiddle served and Painkiller cocktails were mixed in a washtub.

Forty miles west of Calgary, 20 years before Mrs. McKillop reached Lethbridge, Rev. John McDougall, the Methodist missionary, was playing a melodeon at the Morley mission and found the Stoney Indians had a particular liking for "Nearer My God to Thee." The melodeon was called the next best thing to a piano and, collapsible and easily moved, such instruments continue to give yeomen service at outposts still.

"He made a special harness to get it on his back for the 1,200-foot climb with a 42-degree rise."

The harmonium, a compact keyboard instrument, which sounded like an organ, the tones being produced by metal reeds, was almost as attractive as the melodeon in that it could be moved by canoe. When Rev. Robert Hunt and his wife went to Church of England mission work in what is now northern Saskatchewan in the middle of the last century they took a harmonium with them. It served well. It was carried by canoe, cart and sled over mountain and prairie and is now in Ladysmith, B.C., where last report said it was still in strong voice.

Also in the lesser-piano group, although not quite so devoted to good works, was the piano Mike Mahoney carried over the Chilkoot Pass during the Yukon Gold rush, doing his chivalrous best for the Sunny Samson Sisters Sextette—Essie, Tessie, Bessie, Ethel, Maude and Nellie—hoping to get to Dawson to entertain the miners who rewarded sentimental songs with nuggets. Without the piano, which had cost $1,000 in New York, the sisters would not proceed. Long afterwards Mr. Mahoney said the piano was about three feet, six inches by four feet by twenty inches, and solid. He made a special harness to get it on his back for the 1,200 foot climb with a 42-degree rise in one-third mile. How heavy was the piano? One cold report said it was 140 pounds. More generous estimates made it from 150 pounds to half-a-ton.

The piano came to the Chilkoot via Skagway, Alaska, which was reported to be "lousy with pianos." No saloon in Dawson dared be without one and the bedraggled youths at the keyboards led miners to use the term "piano player" as the supreme insult.

But not every piano player was a sissy. "Professor" McKenzie held court in Lethbridge in the '80s and directed a production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. One of his lady players described him as "a fiery little man, and with his long hair and big moustache and fierce eye made me think of a pirate himself; but he could train a crowd and no mistake."

Men like "Professor" McKenzie and the boys in the Malemute saloon had no time for half-size pianos that might satisfy the Samson Sisters and missionaries. It had to be the real McCoy in, for example, Prince Albert where a grand piano came painfully by Red River cart in 1880, undaunted by a freight rate of about 20 cents a pound from Fort Garry and equally undaunted by a ducking in a river when being ferried over. After 70 years it still was being played and had cost an estimated $16 for tuning and replacement of strings. It now is the property of Prince Albert National Park.

One organ among many must be mentioned. Chief Trader W. J. McLean, in charge of Fort Pitt in 1885, had an organ and daughters who played it well. When Lord Minto visited Fort Qu'Appelle where the family was

"The Indians decided the organ held the devil. So they chopped it to pieces."

stationed in 1881, he was welcomed into the McLean's house by their daughter Eliza, then 11 years old, playing an old Scottish air on the organ. During the North West Rebellion the McLeans became prisoners of Big Bear whose men surrounded the fort in the rising. When the Mounted Police detachment left the fort by water the Indians started looting and young Elizabeth saw an Indian standing beside the organ, petrified with fear.

Other Indians said that he had sat down in front of the strange box and it had made threatening noises. Miss McLean suggested he put his feet back on the pedals and his hands on the keys, he obeyed unwillingly. More angry sounds and the Indians decided the organ held the devil. So they chopped it to pieces.

They had a fellow spirit in the Scot of auld kirk views who announced, when the first organ was proposed for Kildonan church, that he would take "oot the kist o' whistles and throw it in the ditch."

With this background it will be understood that R. J. Flaherty, when he went to Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay to investigate iron ore prospects during World War I, would quite naturally take a player piano with him in the small ship, *Laddie*, which was crushed in the winter ice. The piano with other property was moved to a hut on shore where it delighted the Eskimos, and when Flaherty left in the summer he gave the "singing box" to an Eskimo, Wetaltook.

When winter came Wetaltook tried to get the piano into his igloo and found to his dismay that it had fallen mute. When the ice was strong enough he put it on his sled and had his dogs pull it 80 miles to Great Whale River post on the mainland. The trader he wanted to see was at Fort George. Without hesitation, Wetaltook took the piano another 200 miles down the coast, arriving at Fort George at midnight with a cargo which was, to say the least, unexpected.

The frontier enthusiasm for pianos was largely based on the determination of women to have in their homes instruments associated with the dignity and conventionality of the older communities they had left. The fiddle would encourage rowdy reels but the piano soothed the savage breast and the accounts of early pianos doing duty reveal them chiefly as instruments of sentimentality and remembrance—sometimes even in the Yukon dancehalls—and tears ran through many a bold moustache as bachelors sang to the gentle tones of favorites such as the saccharine "Molly Darling":

Molly fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up, darling, tell me this:
Do you love me, Molly darling
Let your answer be a kiss.

The fur traders and the Mounted Police are credited with taming the West. But the piano helped. ✦

"Tears ran through many a bold moustache as bachelors sang to the gentle tones."

Envelope of letter sent by Mrs. A. D. Cruickshank to her father, postmarked Dawson, Y.T., Nov. 16, 1927. Note the company's stamp representing the extra charge for airmail service. Mrs. Cruickshank has donated this letter to the H B C historical collection.

EARLY NORTHERN AIR MAIL

By Frank H. Ellis

Carrying mail by air in the North began as a series of private ventures. The Dominion Government did not take part until 1927.

THE carriage of mail by air to and from most of the settled areas in northern Canada has become such a reliable and frequent part of our country's way of life, that it is now taken for granted. All first class mail in Canada today, which weighs under eight ounces, is carried by air, wherever scheduled air lines operate.

Back in the early thirties, however, the pioneer flying companies didn't have too happy a time flying mail into the areas they served. Most of them originally took on the job of their own free will, because it meant some added revenue; and in those lean days, when every cent counted, the additional money earned often meant getting out of the red side of the ledger.

Over all of the pioneer routes, flying companies were obliged to issue their own stamp-like stickers, which were sold and placed on the back of all covers. The cost varied according to the letter or parcel weight, and the distances flown.

Permission to make use of such stickers, and to carry the mail by air, had first to be obtained from the postal authorities at Ottawa. Perhaps they added their good wishes too, but if so, that was all the aid they gave in the early days. Throughout almost all of the twenties, they awarded no contracts, nor gave financial aid, probably waiting to learn whether it was to become a worthwhile project or not before going further into the matter.

A large number of the very earliest air mail flights were just a single trip or two between two points, made by pilots of flying firms who wished to create a bit of publicity, or establish a precedent. There were many such ventures throughout Canada and Newfoundland from 1918 to 1930. They make a lengthy and interesting story. Here however I am dealing strictly with air mail progress in the north country, so many of the early flights in the south must be omitted.

Today, the city of Edmonton is rarely defined as being in the north because the expansion and growth of industry has robbed it of that distinction. But back in 1918 it was different, and it seems only right that the flight of a daring young American airwoman from Calgary to Edmonton in 1918 should be classed as the first air mail flight north. The pilot was Miss Katherine Stinson, who thrilled the people of Canada's three prairie provinces at many points during flying exhibitions given in 1916, and again in 1918.

Mr. Ellis here contributes another article on early flying in the North, on which he is the leading authority.

H. A. "Doc" Oaks (right) and his engineer Sammy Tomlinson, with their Curtiss Lark, delivered early airmails in the area around Red Lake, Ontario.

After flying at Calgary in her single-seater Curtiss biplane in July, 1918, she announced that she intended to fly to Edmonton, where her next contract was to be filled. Plans were at once made for her to carry letters on the flight, an officially sanctioned cachet was hastily made, and imprinted on the 380 envelopes which were in the mail bag when she flew them north.

The flight took place on July 9th, commencing from Calgary's exhibition and concluding at the Edmonton exhibition grounds. The young pilot left Calgary at 1:03 p.m., intending to fly non-stop, but engine trouble forced a landing at the small town of Baddington, and she did not reach Edmonton until 8:00 p.m. A large crowd on hand gave her a tumultuous welcome. Few of the letters flown have survived today, but those which have are valued at $200.00 each.

As the first official air mail in Canada had been carried only fifteen days before, when Captain Brian A. Peck of the Royal Air Force had flown a mail bag containing 120 letters from Montreal to Toronto, it turned out that only by chance was the first air mail flown in Canada by a Canadian pilot.

Following Miss Stinson's flight, the next of importance to take place into the north was made by a Major F. S. Cotton of St. John's, Newfoundland. Shortly after World War I, he and a Captain Bennett organized the Aerial Survey Company, with two aircraft purchased from England, a Martynside and a Westland. Fitted with skis, they were the first airplanes to take to the air in Newfoundland, and many passenger and air mail flights resulted. The chief one of interest here is the flight made by Cotton in the Martynside as an air mail venture from St. John's to Cartwright, Labrador. His was the first airplane ever to touch down in that northern area.

Cotton took off with the mail from St. John's on February 8, 1923, but an accident to the landing gear on arrival at Botwood delayed the flight until May 16, when it was completed to Cartwright. To make up for the bad showing, the airman left the Labrador settlement on the 17th and landed at St. John's the same day. Very few of the letters and envelopes have survived the years.

Up to this time there had been no regular air mail service put into operation by a Canadian company. The first was organized by the Laurentide Air Services Limited. As a separate company from the parent concern, the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company, the service was inaugurated in 1922. Their main bases were established at Haileybury and Larder Lake, Ontario, with smaller ones at Three Rivers, Angliers and Rouyn, P.Q. Their first flight carrying mail to which their air mail stickers were attached was on September 11, 1924. The company ceased operations in 1926.

Miss Katherine Stinson delivers Canada's first northern airmail to Postmaster George Armstrong of Edmonton, on July 9, 1918. She had flown it from Calgary.

The operations of the Jack V. Elliot Air Service were chiefly confined to the newly discovered Red Lake goldfield area in northern Ontario. Pilot Jack Elliot, owner-manager, flew the first air mail himself, going in from Rolling Portage to Red Lake on March 6, 1926. Fairchild Air Transport also began operations in the same areas in 1926, and their first air mail flight, made from Rouyn to Haileybury by Glyn R. Burge, was on October 20, 1926. In the same year, Patricia Airways & Exploration Company Limited came into the picture, under the guidance of pilot-manager H. A. "Doc" Oaks, who did a lot of flying for the company as well as running things in the office, and who later organized Western Canada Airways. Pilot Roy Maxwell took delivery of their first machine from the dealer in New York, flying the craft to Red Lake, via Toronto-Sudbury-Pogamasing and Sioux Lookout. Between New York and Red Lake the letters flown totaled less than one hundred. The flight took place beginning March 27 and ending April 12, 1926. In spite of the small number of letters carried, the value today of the ones which reached Red Lake are rated in stamp catalogues as being worth only $18 each.

Varied types and makes of aircraft were used by all these pioneer companies, but all of the machines were either flying boats or seaplanes for use during the open water seasons, and ski equipped airplanes during the winter months.

In November 1927, the first air mail to be flown in Yukon Territory went out of Whitehorse in a machine owned by the Yukon Airways & Exploration Company Limited, piloted by Andy Cruickshank. A Ryan monoplane, named *Queen of the Yukon*, the craft took off on the 11th with a load of mail for Dawson and Mayo. Aboard was the pilot's wife, as helper. As they winged over Dawson, Mrs. Cruick-

shank thrust a mail bag out of the cabin window, and the machine flew on non-stop to Mayo to finish the day's work. It was forty below at the time.

The return flight left Mayo on the 16th, with a one day stop at Dawson on the way before setting off again for Whitehorse.

At the period when all of these early air mail flights were taking place, the north shore hamlets along the Gulf of St. Lawrence were quite often isolated during the severe storms of the winter months. Until 1927, no air mail of any description had been flown either in Canada or in Newfoundland directly under government contract. Therefore that year marked a decidedly progressive step forward in our flying history, because the Dominion government finally became aware of the fact that air mail was becoming a popular and a paying proposition.

Government sponsored flights to and from Rimouski in connection with incoming and outgoing liners began in 1927, but what was better from the commercial flying companies' point of view, five government contracts were awarded for the flying of scheduled mail. In the post office estimates for 1927, $75,000 was set aside for air mail development.

One of the contracts went to the Quebec firm of Canadian Transcontinental Airways. The Post Office department required the delivery of winter mail between Murray Bay and Seven Islands, along the north shore of the St. Lawrence. A weekly return flight to the island of Anticosti, 45 miles out in the gulf, was also included in the contract. It called for the carriage of 1500 lbs. or less weekly between the various points along the coast.

One of the C.T.A. pilots, Romeo Vachon, was despatched by train to New York to take delivery of a new Fairchild monoplane, with orders to fly it back to La Malbaie, the company base at Murray Bay. He arrived there on December 21, having flown non-stop from New York. When flying over Quebec City he had circled the airport there, and dropped a bag of mail by parachute, the first time in Canada's history that such a method of delivering mail had been put into use. The mail bore no stamps, but it was later officially cancelled by the Quebec post office and delivered to its various addresses. A single cover today is worth $25.

The one and only delivery of air mail along the St. Lawrence north shore in 1927 took place on December 25. Pilot Vachon made the run from La Malbaie to Seven Islands, with a total load to start of 753 lbs. of Christmas mail. Deliveries at most of the points on the way were made by parachute drop, and there were many happy people along that isolated shoreline when the flying postman came winging out of the east just at the psychological time.

By 1929, flying was getting well under way in the North, and pilot "Punch" Dickins, of Commercial Airways, happened to be at Fort McMurray on January 23, 1929, in readiness to take off on company business for Fort Simpson. Due to various causes, chiefly bad weather, mail deliveries for the north had piled up at Fort McMurray awaiting ground transport. When it was suggested that Dickins could deliver the mail bags at the various points between McMurray and Fort Simpson, the company jumped at the opportunity of making some extra money. Thus the first mail went north by air, almost at a minute's notice, and without previous planning. On his return from Simpson, Dickins flew out a valuable cargo of baled furs, the first time in western Canada's history that these products of the north had come out by air.

The same year two privately chartered aircraft had set off on a lengthy flying tour into eastern arctic areas, financed by mining interests, and under the leadership of Colonel C. D. H. MacAlpine. One of the aircraft, flown by pilot Stan R. McMillan, achieved a bit of northern fame by dropping the first mail ever to be delivered in the eastern Arctic.

Romeo Vachon (left) with the mail at Murray Bay before taking off on the first airmail flight along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, Christmas Day, 1927. R. Vachon

As the airman and his two passengers winged north along the eastern shoreline of Hudson Bay, en route from Chesterfield to Tavane and Baker Lake, they circled the Hudson's Bay post at Eskimo Point on April 2, to throw out a single letter addressed to the padre there. It was attached to the leg torn from an old pair of pants, which acted as a streamer to attract attention, and make it easier to locate on the snow. The aim was good however, and it landed almost at the feet of the minister as he stood waving at the door of one of the buildings.

At long last came the day when the first official air mail under full contract was to reach Arctic shores. The event was widely publicized and the result was staggering.

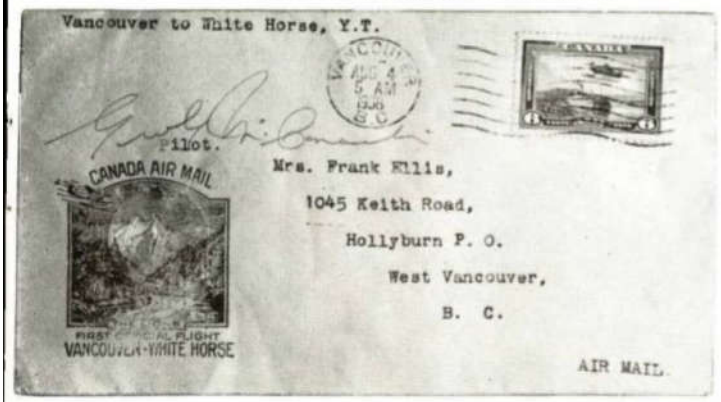
Commercial Airways Limited of Edmonton received the contract, and on December 30, 1929, the first official air mail reached Aklavik. Three aircraft were used in the project between Edmonton and Fort McMurray, and two, flown by W. R. "Wop" May and Glyn Roberts, completed the haul from McMurray to the various stop-over points between McMurray and Aklavik, which consisted of thirteen altogether.

As this was a government-sponsored first flight, 26 distinctive cachet designs were used on the various envelopes addressed to the various points enroute and return. Being so well advertised ahead of time, the amount of mail which arrived was tremendous. "First flight" fans and collectors sent mail in from all over the world, and by the time the flight got underway, 120,000 letters had been received by the Edmonton post office, weighing four tons.

Three new Bellanca cabin-type monoplanes were purchased by Commercial Airways to inaugurate the run, together with a new Lockheed "Vega" monoplane, all four being ski-equipped. The latter was used only as far north as Fort Simpson, the Bellancas doing the job between that point and Aklavik.

The huge bulk of mail made it necessary to fly the bags in and out in relays, to and from their various destinations. The start from McMurray over the 1600-mile route began on December 10, 1929, seventeen days being required to fly it all in. At Fort Simpson, where the airmen spent Christmas Day, the mercury dropped to sixty below, and on

One of the first official airmail envelopes flown direct from Vancouver to Whitehorse, signed by one of the pilots, Grant McConachie, now president, C.P. Airlines.



Part of the four tons of letters that were flown north and back on the first airmail flights to Aklavik, 1929. W. R. May

Boxing Day, when they continued north, it stood at forty-four below. The two engineers who serviced the planes, Sims and Vanderlinden, did yeoman work keeping the engines in running condition throughout the night. The planes stood right out in the open in the sub-zero temperatures. All they had for warming-up jobs were ordinary blow torches and plumbers' fire pots, and simple flashlights were their only means of illumination.

By the time the two airmen had delivered the last bag to Aklavik, a total of 6000 miles had been flown by the four aircraft, and most of the four tons still had to be flown out to the philatelists who had written the letters to themselves.

In spite of the risk, work and expense involved in flying the two-way letters in and out, there was so much of it, a single specimen is valued at only fifty cents today. If signed by the pilots, it is worth $5.00.

How air mail began in the Yukon has already been recounted. The final link by air between that territory and the outside world was forged by United Air Transport, Ltd., who had established a chartered air service between Edmonton and Whitehorse in 1934. Carrying air mail in an unofficial capacity began on July 7, 1937.

The first direct connection from Vancouver to Whitehorse began on August 4, 1938, when two aircraft of the company left the Vancouver Sea Island airport for the northern points. One was a twin-engined Fleet seaplane, piloted by Grant McConachie, with Ginger Coote as co-pilot, the other, flown by pilot Sheldon Luck, was a single engined Norseman seaplane. 20,000 air mail letters which the post office department received to be cacheted and flown as first flight mail, went north aboard the two machines.

While all this northern air mail progress was underway in Canada, similar routes were fast being established in many other parts of the country from coast to coast, and to various other northern areas which space does not permit mentioning here.

Since the flights by Captain Peck and Miss Stinson, which totalled 500 letters between them, the business of flying the mail in Canada has grown to millions of pieces a year, a development which was undreamed of in 1918, when the first air mail flights were made. ◆

The Wolseley Expedition portaging around Kakabeka Falls. From the painting by William Armstrong.

ON THE DAWSON ROAD

by Grace Lee Nute

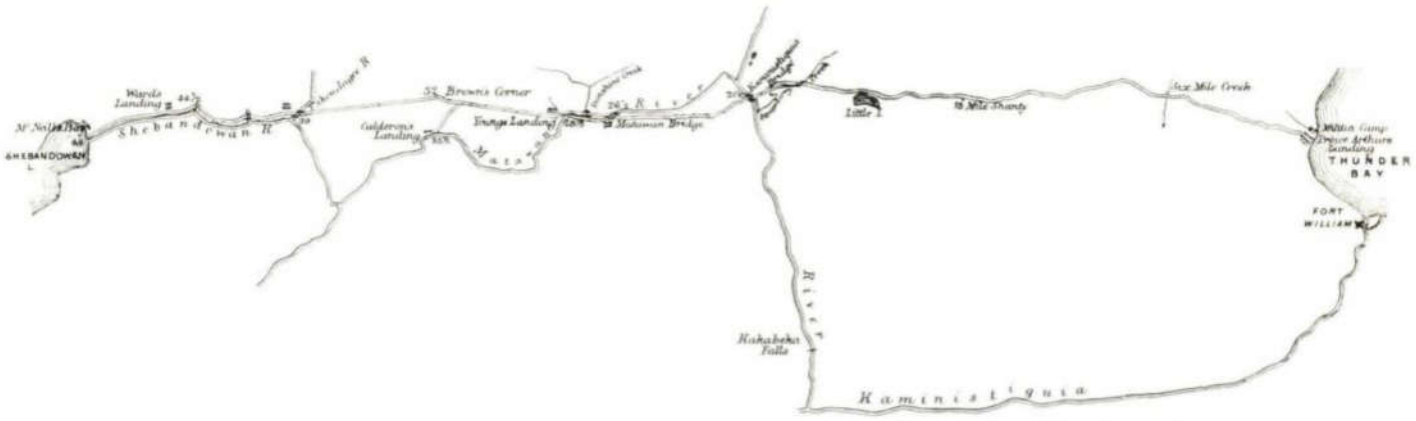
The author travels part of the "road" by canoe and finds some relics of the days when it linked the Great Lakes with Winnipeg.

A FANTASTIC "road" of lakes, rivers, rocky portages, and foaming rapids led westward from Port Arthur (then Prince Arthur's Landing) in the 1870s. Named for its engineer, Simon J. Dawson, it was taken very much for granted during its decade or less of existence, but today it seems a nightmarish way to get from Lake Superior to Winnipeg. My decision to travel a part of it in the summer of 1953 alarmed my friends and relatives, until I told them its history. After I had described the sweet old ladies of eighty who passed over it, and the young woman in garden-party array, who descended one of its rapids in 1871 (I have her picture), I was no longer considered "teched." In fact, I think I was envied.

The road was surveyed as early as 1857 by Dawson and others, but not much work was done until 1868. Then a portion west of Lake of the Woods was begun as a dirt road. Another segment was begun that same year at the site of Port Arthur. It passed westward some fifty miles, through the interesting country about Kakabeka Falls, to Lake Shebandowan, today a summer resort for Twin Port residents. Between these two actual roads at either end of Dawson's highway, the old canoe route of explorers and fur traders formed the way. Dawson's plan was to use steam tugs on the big lakes, horses or oxen on the stretches where tugs could not run until he had lifted the water by means of dams.

Dawson's surveyors precipitated trouble in the neighborhood of Winnipeg in 1869, and soon the British and Canadian goverments had a full fledged revolt of half-breeds to put down. The province of Manitoba was just being born as a part of the Dominion, and the breeds feared that they were about to lose their squatter rights to land long occupied by them but to which they probably had no legal title. To restore order a famous military expedition under Colonel Garnet Wolseley was sent over the hardly commenced Dawson Road during the summer of 1870. About fourteen hundred soldiers thus became not only the first passengers on the road's carts and boats, but also, to no slight degree, the actual builders of the road. The soldiers also proved that it was now feasible to reach Winnipeg from Montreal and Toronto by means of an all Canada route, instead of passing through Minnesota as travellers had been obliged to do heretofore. Accordingly, the Cana-

Dr. Nute, of the Minnesota Historical Society, is well known to Beaver *readers as an authority on the old Fur Trade, especially as it relates to the Minnesota-Ontario border.*



The eastern section of the Dawson Road between Port Arthur and Shebandowan Lake. From Huyshe's "Red River Expedition."

dian government underwrote the building of the road as Dawson wanted it.

Corduroy roads were built on the portages. Tugs or steamboats were placed on a dozen or more large lakes like Kashabowie, Mille Lacs, Sturgeon, Lac la Croix, Rainy, and Lake of the Woods. Dams were built on the Maligne River and raised the water level around falls and rapids as much as twelve feet in some instances. A lock was begun at Fort Frances to enable steamboats to pass between Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods, despite high falls at the source of Rainy River. Success crowned Dawson's efforts until the Canadian Pacific railroad was built in the late 1870s and early 1880s. Then his road was abandoned almost overnight.

I had been told by canoeists that remains of Dawson's dams, corduroy roads, and tugs could still be seen on the Maligne River. It was to see and photograph them that I started with two friends, Sigurd and Elizabeth Olson, on Labour Day last year. The first thirty-five miles out from Ely, Minnesota, were covered by car through stately pines in Superior National Forest. Then we reached Moose River flowing northward toward Lac la Croix. After we left the car, we had a portage of about half a mile along a boisterous, rock strewn stream to a point where navigable water began. There our canoe trip commenced.

The first day was a succession of portages along small streams connecting large and interesting lakes. Aiming to bypass a portage by running two shallow riffles, we got through one successfully only to end at sundown, in a slight drizzle, on a flat rock that thwarted further progress except by portaging. So we camped for the night at the edge of a dense balsam forest, faced by a wall of towering pines across the placid pool in which the riffle terminated. That night in my down bedroll I went to sleep listening to beaver at work in the nearby pool. For a while two owls kept up a dialogue in the dark.

Next day we reached Lac la Croix by way of Boulder River, well named for its great and interesting rocks. Its lower reaches pass through one of the most superb stands of white and Norway pine still to be found in the United States. Since I passed through it, it has been presented to the United States by its owners. I used my cameras to preserve a colour record of enormous boles and lofty, cone-capped summits, knowing full well, however, that no film could even suggest the spice of their fragrance or the subtlety of their music.

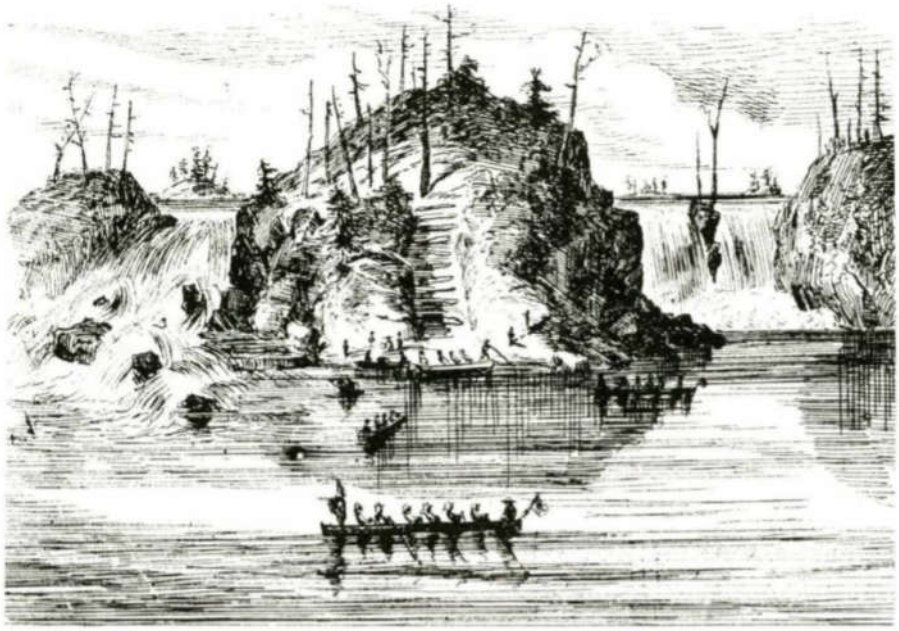
We lunched on one of many whitish, hollowed ledges on Lac la Croix, where our aluminum canoe, half drawn up, stood out as a silver crescent against the intense blue of the lake. In early afternoon an easterly wind drove us with appreciated speed toward our day's goal, the mouth of the Maligne River. We studied the brick red Indian paintings and the traders' etched and painted names and dates on the sheer drop of the Pictured Rock; we noted the Running Rock, where the natives used to test their wind; and we at last reached the Maligne River. Now our days of paddling downstream or across broad lakes were over. Henceforth we should be pitting our strength against the current and the rapids of a large, powerful river.

Next day we had hardly started upstream before we noticed floating objects that proved to be long, pointed poles, chained at one end to flat rocks just below the surface. After some pondering, we decided these must be channel markers. Were they of Dawson's period or of a later day? We never found the answer, and I still do not know the origin or purpose of the poles.

About noon we reached Twin Falls, the first obstruction to navigation. These consist of two parallel leaps of the river, which divide it into two channels, with a portage across an island between them. This Island Portage was famous in voyageur days. Here I found my first Dawson dam, right where his reports led me to believe I should find it. By blocking off the lesser channel just above the waterfall, Dawson raised the level of the river above the falls some ten feet or so. I studied the great squared timbers of the ruined structure, some of whose logs were still in place. The dowel holes and pins were still plain, and I tried to photograph them. They told of careful workmanship and an expert superintendent.

Above the roaring falls we labored up a riffle and lunched. There were several avenues leading off from the main river in this stretch, and we explored one of them for a way, believing (rightly) that it was another route to Lac la Croix. Had we taken it, I should have missed the first Dawson dam.

Up river we paddled in the brilliance of a sunny September day, so warm that when we came to a triple waterfall, we went swimming just below its whirlpool. A sandy



Fancy and fact. The Island Portage as sketched by a member of the Wolseley Expedition, and as photographed by Dr. Nute. In the photo the island is on the right.

bar served as our bath house. When we did resume our journey, we made a mere lift-over at the falls and were in Tanner's Lake. This long widening of the river is named for John Tanner. As a boy just entering his teens, he was stolen from his father's log cabin on the Kentucky shore of the Ohio River about 1789, and was brought by Indians to this border country. He grew up in the Lake of the Woods area and became an Indian in all save blood. Finally he decided to revisit his old home. In the Tanner's Lake country he was almost mortally wounded by an Indian, who left him to his fate. Traders found him at the portage and took him to the big post on Rainy River, where Dr. John McLoughlin restored him to health.

I told this story to my companions as we paddled up the lake, and then we were inspired to sing a few voyageur songs in memory of the thousands of canoemen who had dipped their red blades in the same lake and sung the old French paddling songs, since 1689 or perhaps earlier. We found no island, among scores, which suited our taste as a headquarters camp. So we pressed on to the far end of the lake. The sun was sinking as we found the campsite we wanted.

That spot will remain long in my memory for its arches of pine branches illuminated by the leaping flames of our campfire. No matter how high they rose, those tongues of beauty and destruction could not lick the ribbing of our cathedral's vaulted roof. We felt perfectly safe lying there with our feet to the fire after supper, watching the sparks fly upward toward the Pleiades glinting through the branches. On the water loons laughed. Tree toads with funny little padded paws and lichen-simulated backs came to call. A white-footed mouse watched us unconcernedly as he examined our fireside. A squirrel flung cones defiantly down on the resounding bottom of our overturned canoe. Later, as I lay in my little tent, some nocturnal birds, probably woodcocks, probed the dank earth, separated from me only by the canvas walls of my green dwelling. Woodmice held high carnival near dawn, sliding gleefully down the taut sides of my tent. I remembered the 1871 picture of the lady clutching her garden-party hat as she descended the rapids on this river and wondered whether she noticed any of the wild sights and sounds about her.

The river above our camp had riffles, where we got fine walleyed pike. It also had rapids, falls, and long uninterrupted stretches. At the first portage we found the remains of a dock, a corduroy road of enormous pine logs, and a cleared space. Dawson established overnight hostelries on strategic portages, and I wondered whether this was one of them. If so, it had a romantic setting for overnight guests, with its pines, a thundering cataract, and gray cliffs. At the next portage we found the head of a steam tug's boiler and a small propeller. Our chief aim on this trip was to find one of Dawson's tugs, and when we found a campsite utilizing the boilerhead as a fire grate, we knew we were "warm."

At the very next portage we found another dam and the tug. Our manner of discovering the old boiler was some-

thing of an accident. A sudden thunderstorm drove us hastily to shelter. Paddling frantically we pushed our blades deep into the water and almost touched the metal. There Dawson's old tug lay in shallow water, resting on its side in the remains of an engine mount and the scattered timbers of the sunken craft. My hopes had been fulfilled. Here was one of the actual vessels that had plied up and down this stretch of the river carrying passengers and freight at least seventy-five years ago. After the storm we returned to the old, upright-style boiler and took pictures. Though still shots were not successful, one movie sequence captured the evanescent colors of rusted metal gleaming under the force of a noonday sun and brilliant clouds in a deep blue sky.

After pushing up into Sturgeon Lake, which was being lashed to a fury by a west wind, we descended the river to our camp.

Next day we broke camp and fell down river to lunch at another Dawson dam, on a channel which took us from Tanner's Lake into the lower river, bypassing the triple falls. At the dam was an empty ranger cabin in a clearing. This dam was a pretentious affair, but built like the other dams we had already investigated.

It was a champagne day, with a fine view downstream from the dam. Our fisherman in bright red shirt caught a walleyed pike below. I fell to studying waves of migrating warblers in the pines, and a covey of rare spruce grouse beneath them. The strutting male grouse was displaying his beautiful tail in turkeycock fashion to his harem of three admiring hens.

That night, at Twin Falls, we pitched our tents high on the cliffs under the pines. It was a fine frosty night for sleeping to the roar of the falls. We woke to a crisp autumn morning, with mist rolling in until the sun rose and vanquished the army of fog wraiths. In the blue and gold day that ensued we explored a side channel and found still another dam at the head of a canyon of steep cliffs above dashing water. Two eagles soared high above us. A Canada jay on the portage deceived me at first into thinking I was listening to a rare bird. We caught two fine fish in the whirlpool below a rip. Returning upstream to the main river, we had to work like demons to ascend the riffle. At the edge of our campsite, as I helped unload the canoe, I found a few remains of another Dawson dock with characteristic squared timbers, dowel pins, and dowel holes. There were also traces of a corduroy road.

That night we reached the Pictured Rock on Lac la Croix, after a stop at the Canadian ranger's station on as fine a sand beach as one could desire. Running along the water's edge was a beautiful specimen of a knot, a rather rare migratory shore bird. The ranger told me it had been there for several days. A few minutes later, in rounding a headland, I spied a mink in a crevice twenty feet or so above the water line. Like many animals and birds, it had no fear of anything approaching from the water side. So we were able to watch it for several minutes as it performed its toilet in catlike fashion, washing its face and front with its paws.

Our last night under canvas was passed on the American side of Lac la Croix. Next day we pushed up Boulder River, through Agnes and Ninamoose lakes, and up Moose River to our car. We reached it after dark in a drenching rain. We had been gone eight days. I felt that now I could read Dawson's reports on the Maligne River section of his road and understand them. Moreover, I had conceived a thorough respect for the old engineer and decided that his story needed retelling. ◆

Left: The author with relics of one of Dawson's steam tugs. Below: The lady in "garden party array" shooting the rapids of the Sturgeon River in 1871. She is Mrs. St. John, wife of the Toronto "Globe's" correspondent on the Red River expedition, who sits beside her in what appears to be a somewhat bow-heavy canoe.

BIG DONALD OF THE BLACKFEET

For three of his thirty years of western adventure, young Donald MacDonald lived with the warlike Blackfeet.

by Barbara Johnstone

WE often wonder why young Scotsmen were lured out to this country in the early fur trade days. While R. M. Ballantyne's adventurous books allow for some, and the crofters being forced from their lands for others, in many cases the youngsters made their decisions because of personal influence.

This was the case of one Donald MacDonald, who lived in the quiet little town of Brora, in northern Scotland. He was the youngest son of Adam MacDonald and Isabella McKay. Of their family he was the last to remain at home, for one son had emigrated to Nova Scotia, and the other three had been killed or wounded at Corunna and Waterloo.

Donald was probably in the right frame of mind, then, for a visit from one of his mother's brothers, Donald (termed, in the North-West, *Le malin* or "Mad") McKay. This uncle was home in Scotland, either on furlough, or as a Company recruiting agent—for at the time of the Peninsular War the Hudson's Bay Company's recruiting field was depleted in the Orkney Islands, the young men there being needed for naval service.

Donald McKay and his younger brother John had been "pedlars" in the fur country from the early 1780s. 1784 found "Mad" McKay establishing a house just north of present day Paynton, Saskatchewan (near Battleford), and in 1789 he was working with Alexander Shaw around Sturgeon Lake, while brother John was on Lake Nipigon.

At that early period, life was not easy for independent men with no allies. Possibly it was at this time that Donald McKay, who seems always to have been ready for a fight, met fire with fire, and so came by his nickname, "mad one."

The two brothers received definite help from various Hudson's Bay Company men such as William Tomison. Apparently this assistance led to their joining the Company in 1791. Donald was sent out in 1793 to establish the first Brandon House, but a situation arising from his usual rashness in dealing with neighboring Northwesters led to his being removed from that place.

In the same year, John McKay, with James Sutherland, entered the Winnipeg River area, and settled on Rainy River, just below Manitou Falls. "This," John noted in his journal, "is one of the beautifullest rivers I ever saw in this Country." While it may well have been, the rations thereabouts were as scanty and monotonous as elsewhere, and he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed several repasts of European food which friendly Northwesters shared with him on occasion.

It doesn't take much imagination to see that the stories of the wild, adventurous McKay would hold twenty-four year old Donald MacDonald spellbound. Very likely he had not been ten miles away from home in his life, but when he signed his Company contract that summer's day in 1805, his journeyings began in earnest.

During the winter of 1805 and 1806 we find him at York Factory, under the wing, so to speak, of McKay's friend, Alexander Kennedy. In 1806 Donald was sent on to Carlton House. It seems, however, that there was some unhappiness between the young labourer and the master, John Peter Pruden, so Donald was sent with the winter packet to Fort Edmonton.

Now, the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company posts around present day Edmonton had been in existence about twelve years at this time (1807). Oddly

Tatsicki-stomick (actuallyl), Piegan chief of the 1830s. From the picture by Charles Bodmer.

Miss Johnstone, who is custodian of the Company's museum in Winnipeg, is ancestrally well connected with the fur trade. She is a granddaughter of Isaac Cowie (author of "The Company of Adventurers") and a great-granddaughter of "Big Donald."

enough, at this juncture of history, the rival forts were built closely together for the reason of mutual protection against very hostile Indians.

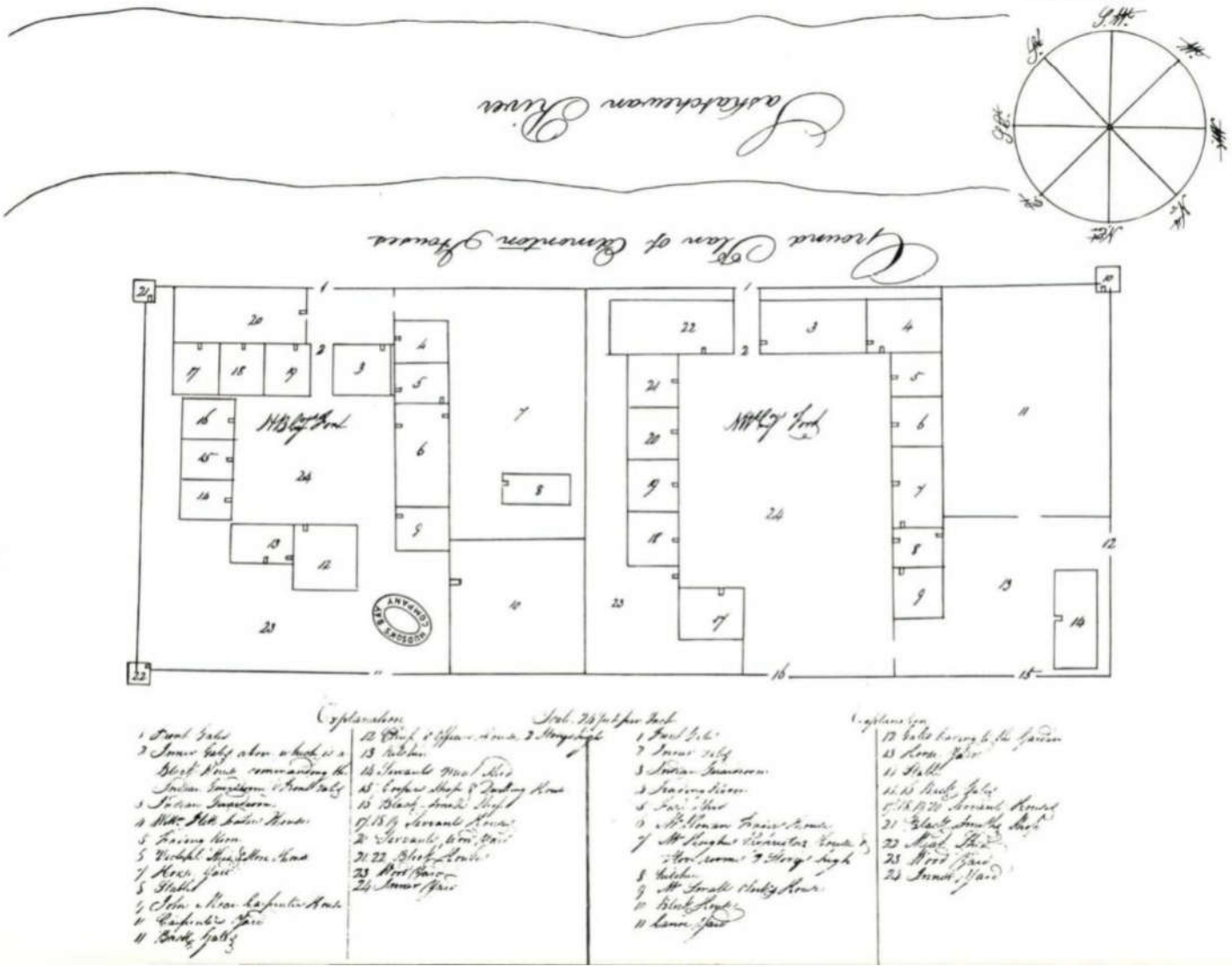
Not long after Donald's arrival, James Bird, the officer in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company, knowing that the interpreters he had among the Indians showed partiality towards the Northwest Company, decided to equip himself with interpreters whom he could trust. His plan was to send two of his own men to live with the Blackfeet for three years. They were to learn the language and customs of the Indians; to go on hunting forays with them, but not to use their firearms against Indians of other tribes unless the necessity arose. Bird, therefore, made an agreement with a Piegan, Painted Feather, head chief of the Blackfoot Confederacy, whose headquarters were generally near Chief Mountain. The conditions of the agreement were that the Company would pay Painted Feather in trade goods to the value of one hundred pounds per annum, and that a messenger would bring word from the chief and the two Company men every two months.

Of the Company men who volunteered, two were chosen, Donald MacDonald and Hugh Munro, son of an officer who had served with Wolfe at Quebec. Knowing the situation among the Indians at that time, we may appreciate the uneasiness the two young men must have felt as they rode away from the handful of white men within the palisades of the fort.

For three years MacDonald and Munro lived as Blackfeet. During their second year with them a great battle took place at an area known to the Indians as Non-ah-bouse ("where the Old Man bowls"), near Willow Creek, Alberta, between the Porcupine Hills and the main Rocky Mountains. To this point rallied the Blackfeet and their allies the Bloods and the Big Bellies (or Gros Ventres). Trenches and pits were dug; barricades thrown up; and all made ready for battle. The Blackfeet allies were in splendid fettle, having gathered in great numbers. Being in full knowledge of the impending attack, and the element of surprise meaning so much in Indian warfare, they felt that victory was certain for them.

At last came their enemies, the Crows, Snakes, Nez Percés and Flatheads, together far superior in strength than were the defenders of the Bowling Green. Snake scouts wriggled up almost to the defences to size up the situation. When they had manoeuvered their way back to their own lines, well beyond arrow and spear range, they would stand up and jeer and taunt the Blackfeet, crying to them to come out and fight like men.

Plan of the second Edmonton House and the North West Co. Fort Augustus of about 1807, which evidently stood on the riverside flat at the foot of the hill where the fourth and last Edmonton House was erected. Note the common palisade for protection against the Indians.
H B C Archives



Then their cavalry charges began and went on intermittently for seven days. Of these allies, the Crows were the most spectacular horsemen, performing amazing cavalry movements, their long black hair trailing behind them, and their war-bonneted steeds moving with precision wonderful to see. The combat waxed hot, and at a critical time Donald and Hugh were asked to use their "fire-sticks," which with abundant ammunition and with great glee, the "Highland Brigade" proceeded to do.

Finally, unable to break the defences, the Crows and their cohorts departed, unharassed by the now almost exhausted Blackfeet, but pursued by famine.

For their part in assisting in this battle the two Company men were made honorary war chiefs of the Blackfeet. Donald was called Mic-sic-a-me, meaning "Big Water," probably with reference to his having come from over the sea.

When their three years were over, the two returned to Fort Edmonton and the more normal life of the fur trader. Their knowledge of, and their influence among the Blackfeet was a great benefit to themselves and to the Company wherever they went. The Blackfeet became good hunters for the Hudson's Bay Company and often visited Fort Edmonton to trade.

In 1832, eleven years after the Union of the two fur trading companies, Bow Fort was built by Henry Fisher, John Edward Harriott, Patrick Small and several engagés including "Jimmy Jock" Bird (son of James Bird), Hugh Munro and Donald MacDonald. Because the Indians regarded that post as an intrusion, and so became troublesome, it was abandoned in 1834, and the Indians burned it down at once.

Meanwhile, the Crees, who were either better warriors, or better armed, were moving into the Blackfoot "sphere of influence." It became necessary, then, for the Company to build another fort at which the Blackfeet might trade in peace. For this reason Rocky Mountain House was built on the headwaters of the North Saskatchewan River.

Here Donald remained for some years trading, except during the boating seasons, when he steered a York boat to and from York Factory. He was considered to be one of the best steersmen on the river and a good, all-round man. He also was gifted in the mastery of languages, being able to speak, besides his native Gaelic, English, French, Piegan, Cree, and Assiniboine.

While in the Northwest, Donald married Jeannette Beaudry, daughter of a voyageur. Some of their family were born near Edmonton, and the rest at Saint Andrew's on the Red River, for here Donald took his grant of land, as agreed upon in his contract, rather than the free voyage back to Scotland. He bought extra land as well, and settled down in a snug stone house, happy in the thought that here his children could receive the education he so desired for them. The stone from that house is now incorporated in the foundation of the old Customs House on Main Street in Winnipeg, but Donald's grandson, well over eighty years old, still lives on the well-earned land. He can just remember his grandfather as a bald giant of a man, still possessing a heavy, Highland tongue, and noted throughout the settlement for his hospitality.

For the lad from Strath Brora there had been thirty years of adventures—a magnificent storehouse of memories for an old man to draw upon in his declining years along the peaceful river. ◆

Crow warrior in costume of goat skins trimmed with scalp locks. From the sketch by George Catlin, who wrote of "the rage and spirit of his wild horse, in time with whose leaps he issued his startled yelps, as he gracefully leaned to and fro, leaving his plumes and his long locks to float in the wind."

ENTER the EUROPEAN

V - Among the Eskimos

THIS is the last in the series of articles the "Beaver" has been carrying, on the contacts of white men with the aborigines of the New World. The first, dealing with the natives of the South Seas, was written by Dr. Margaret Mead; the second, on the Brazilians, by Dr. Charles Wagley; the third, by Dr. Paul Wallace, on the Indians of the United States, and the fourth, by Dr. Harry Hawthorn, on the Indians of Canada.

Our purpose in asking these experienced anthropologists to contribute their views on this important matter was to try and shed some light on the present problem of increasing association between whites and Eskimos in Canada. And we have now asked Dr. Diamond Jenness to contribute the main Eskimo article, followed here by shorter articles presenting the various viewpoints of missionaries and fur traders, who have lived for many years among the Eskimos.

Differences of opinion as to how our Eskimo problem should be dealt with will be easily apparent, and the reader can weigh one against the other in forming his own. One viewpoint has not as yet been included—that of the Government of Canada. But an article outlining it is now being prepared, and will be presented in the next issue.

Enter the European . . .

Among the Eskimos

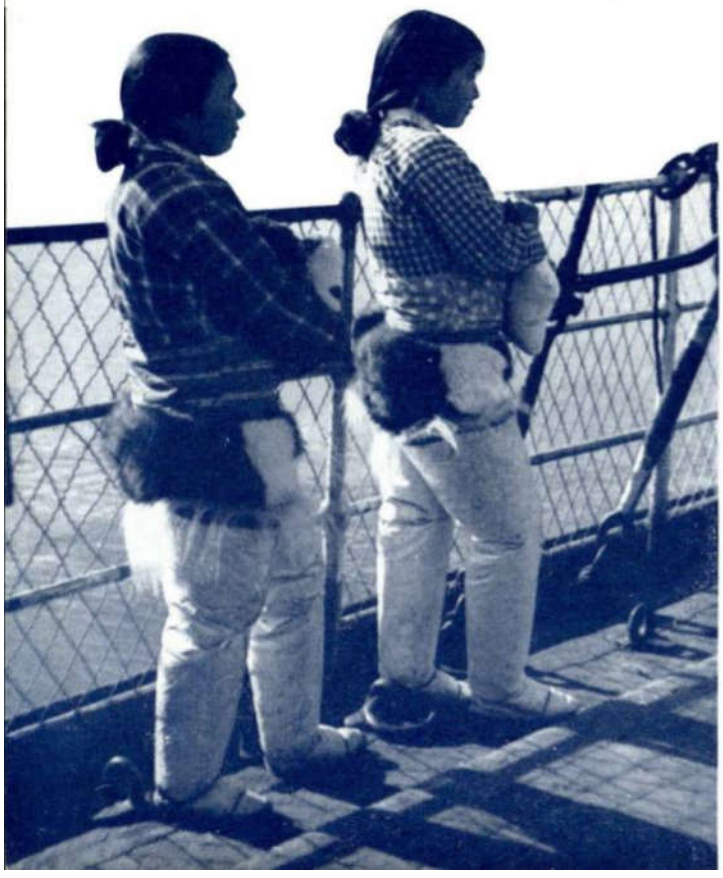
by Diamond Jenness

ABOUT the year 1000 A.D., when some of the Norsemen who had poured out of the Baltic were consolidating the kingdoms they had carved for themselves in England and Normandy, others who had already established themselves in Iceland sent out colonists to occupy the southwest coast of Greenland, where an exploring party had just found traces of human beings, though not any living inhabitants. During the four centuries that followed there floated back to Europe rumours of conflict between these Icelandic colonists and a half-human race of "Skraelings" who were pressing down on them from the north. Relations with Greenland were then suspended for about 150 years owing to famines, pestilence, wars, and other troubles in western Europe; and when the curtain lifted from the island again the Norse colonists had vanished, nothing remained of their houses and churches except a few moss-covered ruins, and Eskimos were occupying their sites—Eskimos who could relate nothing of their predecessors except two or three vague legends. Thus from the first contact of white men with the Eskimos, only the latter survived.

Explorers seeking a northwest route to China and India retraced much of the west coast of Greenland and the northeast coast of Canada before the end of the 16th century, and they renewed the contact between Europeans and Eskimos that had been broken off a century and a half earlier; but it was not until the 18th century that the two races really jostled one another again. This time firearms and numbers gave the supremacy to the white man. French and other fishermen drove back the Eskimos from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and northern Newfoundland to the east coast of Labrador, where they left them more or less undisturbed for another half century. In west Greenland, on the other hand, the whites maintained a continuous pressure. Whalers and traders, most of them Dutch, set up "shops" in various harbours between lat. 65° N. and 70° N., some to serve as whaling centres, others as depots for the bartering of European goods against the Greenlanders' blubber and furs. This traffic brought them into conflict with Denmark, which had claimed jurisdiction over the whole island and was encouraging the establishment of Danish missions and trading colonies a little farther south. To the strife between Dutch and Danes was added strife between missionaries and traders, injudicious methods of colonization, and high-handed treatment of the native population. By 1774, when Denmark finally closed the country to foreigners and made all trade a government monopoly, the Eskimos had become thoroughly demoralized and their numbers greatly reduced, partly through a weakening of their social and economic order, and partly through an epidemic of smallpox that carried off between 2000 and 3000 persons—a third, probably, of the total population.

Still more disastrous to the Eskimo race was its early contact with whites 4000 miles to the westward on the shores of the Bering Sea. The voyages of Vitus Bering in 1728 and 1741 opened up virgin territory to ruthless Cossack traders, who swarmed out of the Siberian port of Okhotsk over the Aleutian archipelago and southern Alaska in quest of sea-otter and other furs, blazing as they travelled, in the words of a Danish writer, "a bloody trail of murder and arson, rapine and slavery," that nearly exterminated the Aleut and Kodiak Island branches of the Eskimo race. Fortunately, toward the close of the 18th century, these free traders had to give way to properly

Eskimo girls from Thule, Greenland, in fur pants and high skin boots. Lorene Squire



Russian traders, looking for business. Taken on M.S. "Casco" in 1921.

constituted trading companies, and they in turn to a single company that had been granted a monopoly by the Russian government. In its own interests this company, whose main base was on Kodiak Island, disturbed the social life and the habits of the Eskimos as little as possible; but quietly and persistently it widened its operations, and it had already reached out beyond Bering Strait into the Arctic Ocean when Russia in 1867 sold Alaska to the United States.

In the 19th century numerous navigators (the most notable were Sir John Franklin and the score of captains who searched for that hero after he disappeared) explored the mainland coast and islands along the top of North America—the high Arctic—and discovered there many Eskimos who up to that time had lived in total isolation. They met them casually, however, and for short periods only, so that they affected them much less than the whaling ships that now returned once more to the Arctic, this time to regions that had been unknown to their Dutch precursors. Whalers from Scotland who scoured the upper part of Melville Bay and the channels that lead into it, traded for polar-bear and fox-skins with the Baffin Islanders, and with the Polar Eskimos at the mouth of Smith Sound; but since they never hired any of the natives to help them in their whaling, and always returned to Dundee at the close of the navigation season, their influence too was comparatively slight, although they modified the daily life of the Eskimos in some respects by introducing firearms and a few other European goods.

Far greater was the influence of the American whalers who followed their Scotch rivals northward but made the upper waters of Hudson Bay their stamping-ground. Instead of using steamers to hunt the whales, as did the Scotch, they pursued them in small boats, many of which they manned with Aivilik Eskimos from the Repulse Bay region. Moreover, when the whaling season ended they generally remained for the winter in some harbour within or near the territory of the Aiviliks, where they could both trade with the natives for furs and obtain from them fresh seal and caribou meat. This symbiotic arrangement might easily have demoralized the Eskimos, since the crews of the whaling vessels were largely recruited from the scum of New England ports; but the latter seem to have been held down by an iron-fisted discipline, and this, along with other factors that stand out rather less clearly, preserved the natives from serious physical contamination or a total upheaval in their social life. They became accustomed to the white man's diet and clothing, and to his tools and weapons; but when whaling collapsed just after 1900, their social structure was still intact and they were able to adjust themselves without too great hardship to the fur trade alone.

More tragic was the influence of other New England whalers on the Eskimos of the western Arctic. As early as 1848 the first of their vessels passed through the Bering Sea into the Arctic Ocean, where it inaugurated a half century of debauchery and lawlessness that left famine and disease in its wake. The United States Government "Report on Education in Alaska for 1886" carries this statement:

"In the summer of 1878 they [the St. Lawrence Islanders] bartered their furs, ivory and whalebone to the traders for rum, and as long as the rum lasted they spent their summer in idleness and drunkenness instead of preparing for winter. The result was that over 400 of them [half of the estimated population] starved to death the next winter. In some villages not a single man, woman or child was left to tell the horrible tale."

Farther north, at Point Hope, Point Barrow, and Herschel Island, the whalers wrought similar havoc. They landed cases of rum among natives who had never heard of spirituous liquor, and even taught them how to manufacture it by distilling molasses from one kerosene tin to another. Immorality and lawlessness went hand in hand with drunkenness, venereal and other diseases spread through the region, and the mortality rate skyrocketed. More than half the once thriving population in the Barrow district, and a still greater percentage in the Mackenzie Delta, perished in the cataclysm. Their places were taken by immigrants from other districts along the coast and from large areas in the interior that today possess few or no inhabitants. Between the Alaska-Canada boundary and Baillie Island, where Sir John Richardson in the middle of the 19th century had estimated a population of 2000 Eskimos, only about 1000 were living in 1920, and of that number no more than 20 could claim descent from the original inhabitants.

Nor was it the human inhabitants alone who were disappearing from the western Arctic. Some of their resources too were fading. The sea-otter practically vanished from the Gulf of Alaska, and the fur-seal from the Bering Sea. Farther north excessive hunting by whites threatened to exterminate the bowhead whales that formed an important part of the native food supply. Even more disastrous was the near-extermination of the caribou that supplied not only food but clothing. By 1890 scores of Alaskan Eskimos faced death from exposure and starvation because caribou meat and furs were no longer procurable. The situation had become critical.

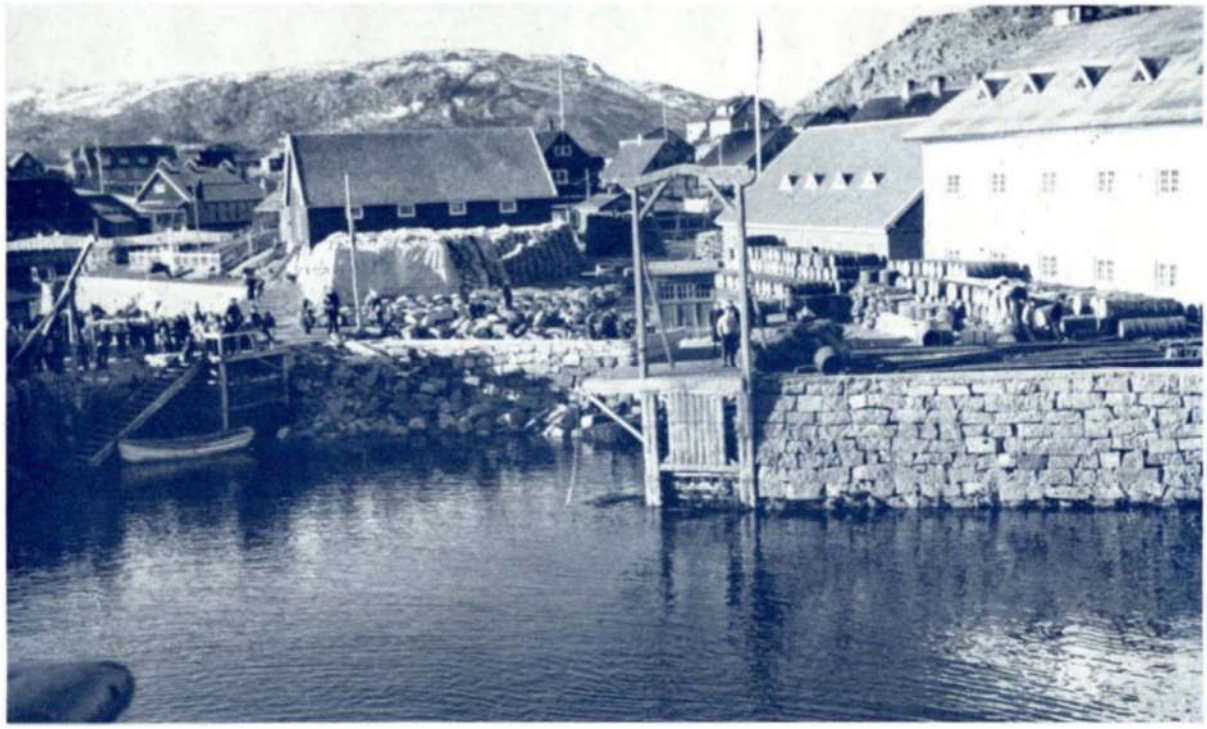
D. Jenness, D.Litt., F.R.S.C., was in the service of the Dominion Government for many years, latterly as chief ethnologist. He was with the Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913-16 in the Coronation Gulf region, and in 1926 conducted an expedition to Bering Strait. He is the author of "The Copper Eskimos" and "The People of the Twilight," as well as of "Indians of Canada" which includes the Eskimos.

Domesticated reindeer imported to Alaska from Siberia, to replace the vanished caribou.

Confronted by a similar situation in Greenland 150 years earlier, Denmark drew an iron curtain around the island to keep foreign nationals at a distance, and converted all trade into a government monopoly. The United States, however—when at last she awoke to her responsibilities—deliberately rejected this policy in favour of another that seemed more applicable to Alaska. That territory, she claimed, was not an island like Greenland, but an inseparable part of the American mainland; it could not be cut off from the rest of the continent, but should be integrated with it. In line with this doctrine, she sent a revenue cutter into the territory to maintain law and order, sanctioned the fullest freedom of movement of trade in and out of the area, established a post office and a school in every population centre, and created a special education bureau to train the Eskimos and to help them achieve economic independence and social equality. The bureau bought a schooner to supply its schools along the coast; and instead of putting the vessel into mothballs during the winter months, used it as a training school where selected Eskimo youths received a one or two years' course in the three R's, and in navigation, wireless and motor mechanics. It also imported domesticated reindeer from Siberia to replace the vanished caribou, taught the Eskimos how to herd them, and set up native co-operatives—themselves a valuable lesson in self-government—to regulate the growing industry and to market the surplus meat and hides. Furthermore, it protected the Eskimo trappers from exploitation by encouraging them to mail their fox-skins to its head office in Seattle, which, acting as their unpaid agent, marketed their furs in the United States, and either credited them with the proceeds or relayed the equivalent to them in goods during the next summer season. Co-operating with the education bureau was a health service that furnished each population centre with a supply of drugs, gave nursing instruction to a few Eskimo girls, and provided medical care and hospitalization in cases of serious illness, whenever this was possible.

Today, after more than half a century—for the program did not get under way until about 1890—this purposeful policy is at last bearing fruit. Practically every Eskimo in Alaska can both read and write English, although his language may be imperfect and his vocabulary very limited. Life is primitive, as on all frontiers, but the destitute have their wants filled and, barring accident, no one need suffer starvation. The Eskimos have a secure if humble place in the economic life of the territory; for in addition to contributing furs, reindeer meat and a few

The waterfront at Julianehaab in Greenland as it appeared in 1942. Near by is the site of Brattahlid, one of the earliest Norse settlements.
J. W. A.



Greenland Eskimo woman and child. From a woodcut made by an Eskimo and published in C. F. Hall's "Arctic Research Expedition," 1865.

curios, they provide labour for road, airfield and pipe-line construction, and for the transportation services on both sea and land. One Eskimo is, or was, an ordained clergyman and a chaplain in the United States army: several others have trained as nurses and school-teachers, and more would have entered those two professions but for the prejudice of the local whites, which discourages all but a very small number of native children from passing on into high school. This prejudice, however, is gradually breaking down as intermarriage increases, and the year is not very remote when a large percentage of Alaska's Eskimo population will have merged indistinguishably with the white. Some idealists may then regret that they will have contributed nothing to the local culture except perhaps the dog-sled: but others will hold that a peaceful if undistinguished ending to a chapter of history is in every way preferable to a tragic one, however resounding.

The Eskimos of Greenland seem likely to arrive at an equally tranquil end, though much more slowly and by a very different route. For nearly 100 years after Denmark closed the island to the outside world and took all trade into her own hands, its native population continued to decline. There were several reasons for this, but among the most important were certain contradictions inherent in the system of government, a system that was perhaps unique. A single department in Copenhagen controlled both administrative matters and trade; and the same officials in Greenland carried out both functions simultaneously. As administrators, their first duty was to promote the social and economic welfare of the population; their second, to encourage Danish colonization and missionary endeavour. As traders, however, their first duty was to show a profit, if possible, since it was expected that trade would defray all the expenses of administration, including their own salaries and the costs of all relief. In Copenhagen the government promulgated regulations that restricted the types of Greenland exports and imports, and fixed artificial prices for both in order to place necessities within the reach of the whole population and to tax heavily all luxuries: these principles, not being the standard ones of commerce, but purely empirical, were neither easy to apply nor exempt from frequent changes of judgment. Meanwhile the officials in Greenland, aiming at immediate profits, tried to govern the activities and movements of the Eskimos by concentrating them around trading posts where they could procure the greatest possible amount of blubber, which, together with furs, was the principal article of export; and the missionaries supported the efforts of the officials because it was difficult to control converts who roamed far and wide to fish and hunt.

All officials and missionaries at this period were whites. The Eskimos were mere pawns in their hands, inarticulate and helpless, for in their own primitive communities they had never known any organized form of government or systematized trade: not until after 1800 A.D., indeed, did they become familiar with coins or with money of any kind. Concentration loosened the bonds that had held together their social units, and changed the economic habits around which they had constructed their lives, while the teachings of the missionaries condemned the religious beliefs they had inherited from their forefathers, and destroyed the authority and leadership of their medicine-men. Frustrated and bewildered, they became more and more impoverished, more and more dependent on relief. Some men ceased to hunt altogether, but performed odd tasks around the trading posts and lived from hand to mouth, a real proletariat. Then, about the middle of the 19th century, the seal fishery failed them for several years in succession, and reduced them to the greatest misery. Between 1854 and 1859 there were only 957 births as against 1413 deaths.

In this emergency Greenland found in Henry Rink a far-sighted official who correctly diagnosed the causes of the decline and prescribed a remedy. Mainly through his efforts, the welfare of the people, rather than a favourable trade balance, became the abiding first principle of the government in both Copenhagen and Greenland; and for

An Eskimo family of Hudson Bay outside their sealskin tupik. Photo taken in 1896 by A. P. Low. Can. Govt.

the first time the native Greenlanders—many of whom were now of mixed blood, since the early colonists and junior officials had generally married Eskimo women—were given a place in the administration and a definite voice in determining their own future. All the settled part of the country was divided into districts, each with a Board of Guardians to administer the civil and criminal codes, to regulate inheritance, and to administer all public relief: and on every board representatives elected by the Eskimos themselves sat as equals with the Danish officials. From 1856, the year when the boards first came into existence, we may date the beginning of Greenland's regeneration. It is true that in 1908 Denmark abolished the Boards of Guardians and changed the administrative set-up: but by that time the Greenlanders had acquired the experience they needed and proved themselves capable of shouldering still heavier responsibilities. We need not follow the later developments in the island's constitution, but merely record that after the second world war it graduated into a self-governing colony under the Danish crown.

The number of Greenlanders today exceeds 24,000, which is perhaps treble their highest total in pre-European times: and they are increasing at the rate of about 2 per cent yearly. This poses a serious problem, because the island's resources are extremely limited and are already being strained to support its present population. Probably 80 per cent of the people now have Danish blood in their veins; many, indeed, could readily pass for Scandinavians. Yet Eskimo is still their everyday tongue, and the language of instruction in their schools, although Danish, which has always been taught in the seminaries, is now compulsory in the primary schools also. They even possess what we may call, with pardonable exaggeration, a "national literature"; that is to say, school and church books printed in the Eskimo tongue, an Eskimo newspaper of long standing, and some collections of Greenlandic folk-tales. Meagre though this literature may be, it yet strengthens their "national" consciousness, and will encourage their maintenance of the ancient language long after Danish (and perhaps English) have become equally familiar. In this respect they differ from the Alaskan and the Canadian Eskimos, who do not possess a native literature, and who will probably lose their language within the next century.

In Canada the Eskimos cover a larger territory than in either Alaska or Greenland, but their numbers have always been fewer because the climate is harsher and the resources known to them more limited, except along the Labrador coast.

It is now nearly three centuries since the advance parties of the Labrador natives were driven back from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, two centuries since the Moravians established their first mission on the Labrador coast. Those two centuries have seen the Eskimo population of Labrador drop from roughly 3000 to 700, of whom the majority now show traces of white blood. Several factors have contributed to the decline: administrative neglect; general impoverishment and poorer diet caused by the disappearance of the caribou and the competition of white settlers in the fisheries, in sealing and in trapping; and diseases, particularly influenza, which in epidemic form has ravaged the coast at least twice. One hopes, however, that the tide

An Eskimo family of Hudson Strait inside their canvas tent, 1942. J. W. A.

will quickly turn now that this coast, as part of Newfoundland, has entered the Canadian confederation and acquired a strategic as well as economic importance that it lacked in earlier years.

Farther north in Canada the Eskimos seem now to be increasing, although the increase needs confirmation, since only the last or 1951 census could lay claim to reasonable accuracy. When whaling declined in the Hudson Bay region, and also in the western Arctic, that great organization the Hudson's Bay Company hastily filled the vacuum by stretching northward the net of fur-trading posts which it had thrown over Indian Canada. The whalers themselves, of course, had carried on a brisk trade in furs, and had introduced firearms and metal tools into every Eskimo group except the then inaccessible ones between Coronation Gulf and the Magnetic Pole. But trading had not been their principal object, and they had made no effort to change the economy of the Eskimos, or to convert them from a purely hunting and fishing people to trappers of fur-bearing animals.

That conversion, which had occurred in Labrador at the beginning of the 19th century, the Hudson's Bay Company now promoted, a century later, in the rest of arctic Canada. Nature has ordained that the white fox, which is the most valuable fur-bearing animal in the Arctic, attains its prime from November to April, the season when the Eskimos harpoon seals at their breathing-holes or in lanes of open water, in order to procure fresh meat for themselves and blubber fuel for cooking and light. Except in the Mackenzie Delta, where the natives constructed houses of wood, several families united about November to build a village of snow-huts close to their sealing ground, and there during the long winter nights, they enjoyed the solace of each other's company and the amenities that are possible in a community numbering from one to three score persons.

The Hudson's Bay Company disrupted this traditional manner of life by demanding furs for the rifles and ammunition that by this time had become indispensable; and the Eskimos could not obtain the furs without giving up their sealing and disbanding. No sealing meant no fresh meat, no blubber fuel, no strong hides from which to make tents, footgear, and lashings. Substitutes for all these, together with ammunition and steel traps, the erstwhile hunter and his family had to purchase from the trader before they could den themselves up in their lonely trapping territory for the winter, and match their wits against the cunning of the foxes, not for food, but merely to satisfy feminine fashions thousands of miles away.

The fur trade thus wrought a revolution in the lives of the Eskimos. In Canada it destroyed their economic independence, bound them hand and foot to a single commercial company whose shareholders expected quarterly dividends, whatever the state of the world's markets. Such a company could not afford to distinguish between necessities and luxuries, as did the Danish Government in Greenland; nor could it accept furs, and return goods, at market prices, like the Alaskan Bureau of Education, without reckoning top costs for handling and transportation, and a substantial margin to boot for risks and profit. As far as I could judge from my own experience, both the Hudson's Bay Company officially and its individual

traders genuinely sought the welfare of their Eskimo clients; but they were forced to operate in a competitive world, and the Eskimos inevitably suffered.

The defects of the system showed themselves first in the diet. Although famines from lack of food occurred less frequently, the flour, baking powder and tea that now became the staples of the Eskimo trappers and their families during the winter months did not adequately replace the fresh meat of earlier days. Poor diet undermined their health and induced deficiency diseases. In 1916, when the white man established the first trading post, the first police post, and the first mission in the Coronation Gulf region, its "Copper" Eskimos were free from diseases and superior physically to their kinsmen in the Mackenzie Delta and northern Alaska, who had been exposed to white influence for a century; but ten years later nearly 30% of the "Copper" Eskimos had perished through influenza, and at the Coppermine settlement alone 19 out of approximately 100 natives were suffering from advanced tuberculosis.

During all this period the Canadian government, too absorbed in problems farther south to trouble about the remote Arctic and its handful of unenfranchised natives, tacitly neglected the region. It relegated its administration to a small council of civil servants in Ottawa, made the Royal Canadian Mounted Police the executive arm of that council, and abandoned the education, and in large measure also the health, of the Eskimos to the various religious missions. No one will deny that the administration was just and humane; but it was more engrossed in maintaining the white man's law and order it was trying to impose than in promoting the welfare of the Eskimos, or educating them to meet the future. As for the missions, they lacked the resources to provide proper educational facilities or health services; in any case their only obligation was to teach the Christian religion, to promote the spiritual welfare of their flocks, not to enlarge the cultural horizon of the natives or protect their physical health. They did make one valuable cultural contribution: they introduced into the eastern Arctic a modified form of the Cree syllabary which enabled the Eskimos there to communicate with one another in writing. But only too often, unhappily, they dissipated their limited resources in proselytizing from one another, and in setting up rival missions and schools (in the Mackenzie Delta even hospitals) where one alone was adequate. The result is that today, after decades and in some regions two centuries of white contact, very few Canadian Eskimos know more than a few words of English or of French, and probably not more than a dozen could pass the Grade 2 examination in a primary school or work out a simple arithmetic problem.

There was still another defect in the administrative and trading set-up. When it destroyed the self-sufficiency of the Eskimos, it built their new economy almost entirely on the trapping of white foxes, a very precarious basis in an era of sudden and unpredictable changes in luxury fashions. In 1948-49, for example, fox furs underwent a phenomenal drop in price—from $15.20 down to $4 and even $3.50; whereas the costs of ammunition, flour, tea, cloth, and all the other goods which the Eskimos now consider indispensable for their livelihood have increased in recent years.

Twenty years ago the Canadian government, conscious from its experience with wheat, perhaps, of the dangers of "single crop" economy, attempted to broaden the basis of Eskimo livelihood by introducing domesticated reindeer from Alaska into the Mackenzie Delta area. The experiment was moderately successful, but a number of difficulties—notably the vastness of the uninhabited areas, the distances between good grazing grounds, the presence of wild caribou in many districts, and last, though not least, the reluctance of Canadian Eskimo youths to train as herders—have prevented extension of the herds to Eskimos farther east, where the need is much greater and a private attempt to establish Lapland reindeer in the south of Baffin Island failed completely. The government has encouraged also a little handicraft activity in the eastern Arctic, but handicrafts again offer a very precarious livelihood unless, like rugmaking, they fill a definite niche in the economy of civilization.

During and since the second world war, a new field of activity has opened up for a small number of Canadian Eskimos, that of longshoremen and unskilled labourers at a few airports and research stations within or on the fringe of the Arctic. There has been a change also in the administrative set-up. The governing council in Ottawa now contains two non-government members elected by northern communities and is becoming much more active: education, for example, it is taking out of the hands of the missions by building a chain of government schools. Furthermore the federal Department of Health, extending its operations to the Eskimos, has made dental and tuberculosis surveys, expanded the hospital system, set up nursing stations and provided other medical facilities. It may be that the strategic importance military authorities are now attaching to the Arctic has stimulated some of this activity: but it stems also from a growing realization that Canada is morally responsible for its Eskimo population, and that it needs that population to help in exploiting the economic resources of the Arctic, which appear greater today than was thought possible only a few years ago. We may feel sure, therefore, that the activity will outlast any strategic theories, and hope that by wise and far-sighted policies in the future Canada will redeem at last her former neglect.

A final word about the Eskimos living in Soviet Siberia, Russia has never been deeply infected with the strong racial prejudices that plague the western Europeans, and in her vast realm stretching from the Pacific to the Carpathians, she makes no difference, officially at least, between the slant-eyed Mongol of the Asiatic steppes and the fair-haired, blue-eyed Teuton of the former Baltic states. We can hardly doubt, therefore, that the Asiatic Eskimos, together with the neighbouring aborigines, will quickly vanish as a separate people in the huge melting pot of the Soviet Union. ◆

Enter . . .

The Anglican Missionaries

by Rt. Rev. D. B. Marsh

THE earliest contacts of the Canadian Eskimos with white men were, of course, with the early explorers; but the first contacts of any consequence in their effect on the Eskimos were those made by the whalers from Scotland and the United States who sailed into the Arctic to hunt whales and to trade a certain amount of fur and oil. Wintering at certain harbours they drew Eskimos to their rendezvous and employed them during the summer. Many of the sailors had been "shanghaied" from waterfront dives, and debauchery, lawlessness and the rule of "might over right" presented to the Eskimos the worst side of the white men. Prior to this time, although the Eskimos had laws governing their own way of life, infanticide, murder, lying and cheating were common, and they saw little in the white man's way of life to influence them to change theirs.

Then came the missionaries. On the fringe of the Indian country at Churchill and Moose Factory, missions were established. In the western Arctic mission stations spread north from Fort McPherson, where there had been missionaries of the Anglican communion for many years.

As far back as 1869 Rev. William C. Bompas, who later became Bishop of Athabasca, met some Eskimos at Fort McPherson, who asked him to go with them to the coast. And the following spring he left the fort with two of them and joined their people on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. After living and travelling with them for some weeks, and after narrowly escaping death at their hands, he arrived back at Fort McPherson two months after he left it.

In 1896, on the arctic coast, the Reverend I. O. Stringer (later Bishop of Yukon) established a mission at Herschel Island, where at that time it was considered unsafe for a white man to live. Before the turn of the century, in the eastern Arctic, the Reverend E. J. Peck established a mission at Blacklead Island, Baffin Land. Thus, from these small beginnings the work of the Church of England spread across the North.

About the same time, traders established posts at places where Eskimos were wont to gather. (It should be noted that mission and trading posts are always established at such points as the Eskimos themselves select because of a supply of fresh food in the vicinity.)

The Anglican missionaries realized that the area was vast and the people few and widely scattered. Therefore, their first task was to teach them the syllabic system, a form of writing in their own language. (That is why today at least some eighty per cent of the Eskimos can read and write—a high literacy average for a native people.) This they did, and also translated the Scriptures and gave them to the people.

To reach beyond their immediate contacts the missionaries trained leaders from amongst their flock so that they in turn could teach their own people. This meant first, that the Eskimos had the Scriptures which they could now read for themselves as well as listening to the missionary's interpretation of them, and secondly, they received teaching in many cases by members of their own tribes. As a result, their thinking and spiritual values were altered and many old ideas were given up without great material changes.

The only material changes made came from the trading companies which introduced to the natives metal tools, rifles and other trade goods. To purchase these the Eskimo had to trap fur. At first his wants were few, but as time passed they increased until, from being merely a hunter, he became a hunter and trapper, with greater emphasis on the trapping. Thus, materially, his weapons and utensils changed, and to some extent, his living habits.

Left: Rev. Dr. E. J. Peck, whose Eskimo grammar was written in 1883, holds a prayer meeting with Eskimos of Hudson Bay. Right: Rev. A. C. Herbert officiates at an Eskimo wedding on Hudson Strait, 1934.

The author as a missionary at Eskimo Point holds a Sunday School service in an igloo.

Times of scarcity were as frequent then as now, and when native food was short, flour often took its place. This change was slow and accentuated only by hard times. Where possible, clothing and bedding were made of fur, and fresh food was obtained whenever and wherever it was available.

Up to this time the Eskimos had been considered wards of the Government of Canada, and it was considered a wise policy to get them away from the posts and settlements so that they might hunt and trap, and thus earn a living and keep in good health.

Then came World War II. Weather stations began to dot the Arctic; aeroplane bases were established; radio stations sprang up; and at each of these white men were stationed. In many places the Eskimos made excellent "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Consequently, whole families settled around these establishments and found that they could exist on what was thrown away or was handed to them by the white men. In some places hunters no longer retained rifles, tents, dogs, sleds, etc.; the white men gave them all they needed! At others they found it so easy to accept what was given to them that they did not want or need to hunt.

In the Arctic, white personnel changed weekly or monthly. Newsmen and others made the "discovery" that our country has a back door and that it opens to Russia. Almost overnight this publicity changed the attitude of Canadians towards their forgotten people, the Eskimos. As they learned of the struggle for existence which the Eskimos have endured for centuries, they began to feel sorry for them. A wave of anxiety arose and everyone wanted the Eskimos' way of life made easier. No one considered for a moment that the very thing which makes them the fine and wonderful people they are, is the hard struggle they make for existence in a country where life has always been stern. The very qualities of cheerfulness, courage, and manliness we all admire in the Eskimos are but the result of this long struggle.

Now that the North was in the spotlight, people began to ask questions. Who were the Eskimos? Were they Indians? These and other questions brought a change in attitude until today the Eskimos are no longer regarded as wards of the Government, but as citizens of Canada.

Their change of status marked the turning point in regard to Eskimos living around the settlements. As citizens with equal rights they should no longer be ordered to leave the settlement to hunt fresh food for themselves and their families. They now had the right to "hang around" or wait until some Government officer issued relief.

The issuance of relief to the Eskimo people has become one of the greatest problems in the Arctic. With the exception of a few men drawn from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, the newly-formed Government departments dealing with northern affairs have been unable to find qualified personnel to direct this and other programmes.

"Best-sellers" and other books telling of starvation and the hard life in the North have not helped the situation. However, it is only fair to say that, where two years ago the Eskimos were starving to death, this year they had a super-abundance of caribou. This was due to the failure of the caribou migration one year, and to the fact that this year great numbers of caribou remained in a given area almost the whole year through. These periods of "feast and famine" are typical of what has faced the Eskimo hunter from the beginning of time, and, as long as he remains a hunter, such will always be his lot. In some places fresh food is becoming a little short, but such shortages around the shores of Hudson Bay and on the western Arctic coast and the mainland, have been known ever since we have had knowledge of the Eskimos.

Disease brought in by the white man has played a far greater part in the decimation of the people, and the results are much worse than the result of shortages caused by nature.

The fact that epidemics swept away great numbers of Eskimos in the early part of the century and even up to the 1930s, had been little known. Now, with the aeroplane age, news leaked out and was reported in the Press across Canada, and "mercy flights" became common.

The only hospitals in the North were those built by the missions and they were few in number. As Government x-ray surveys were made, and it was discovered that an alarming number of Eskimos suffered from tuberculosis, the mission hospitals were soon full to overflowing. The sore need for hospitals that should have been built, but were not, was now keenly felt. In order to provide adequate hospitalization, many "positive" cases were brought south regardless of whether they wished to go. (This is the law as tuberculosis is a communicable disease.)

While in hospital "outside" they were treated with the best of care and given food totally different from that to which they had been accustomed, and when they recovered

Rt. Rev. Donald B. Marsh, Bishop of the Arctic, entered the Eskimo mission field at Eskimo Point, on the west coast of Hudson Bay, in 1926, and served there for 18 years. He was then appointed Archdeacon of Aklavik, and was elected to his present office in 1950.

were sent back north to live again in tents and igloos and to eat native food. Small children who remained "outside" for four or five years, on their return home could not even speak their own language and were strangers to their families and the native way of life. It is little wonder that the rehabilitation of these people constitutes one of the great problems in the Arctic today. The erection of hospitals in the North would help to solve this.

With regard to education, here again the missionaries pioneered, and many Eskimos are still being taught in mission schools. If the children are to attend day school regularly the parents must make their home near the settlements, and, as has been found only too often, this has resulted in starvation. Therefore, the day schools built by the Government have not been too successful. They have been left empty, although in many places Eskimos clamour for education. An experiment is to be tried at Coppermine whereby the children will live their native way of life for the six winter months and will spend the other six months of the year in a tent hostel while attending the Government day school. This plan is designed to provide the Eskimos with an education whereby they may be prepared to meet the white man's ways, and at the same time be able to live in native fashion. Children who show promise will be sent to high school or elsewhere "outside" for specialized training.

No matter how many avenues of earning have been found for the Eskimos, it is unlikely that many of the eight or nine thousand of them will be absorbed in the white man's economy of the North for several years. It has been suggested that they be sent south to live. This they would fiercely resent, for the North is *their* country and they love it.

They have not asked the white man to arrange their future, nor have they complained of their lot. They were always happy and satisfied until the white man came.

The Arctic is a vast land, and it needs peopling. We need the Eskimos *there* and we need them as Eskimos, *not* as white men; for surely if we educate them to be like the white men there will come a time when they will want to live in the south.

Canada needs these brave people of the North *in* the North. She needs them to take their place as citizens and to develop, and be an integral part of, our Northland. ◆

The Anglican church and hospital at Pangnirtung, Baffin Island. National Film Board

Enter . . .

The Roman Catholic Missionaries

by Rev. Arthur Thibert, O.M.I.

I WONDER how many people, as they sit comfortably in a modern air-conditioned train travelling across the western plains of Canada, think of the gigantic difficulties that had to be overcome in order to lay down the first railroad linking the Atlantic to the Pacific—and thus opening the way to progress.

One of the greatest difficulties came from the Indians, who would certainly have considerably delayed, if not stopped the project, had not Father Albert Lacombe, O.M.I., used all his influence to have them keep the peace. From then on, things went smoothly, and the Canadian Pacific, deeply appreciative of this service by the "Black Robe Voyageur," granted him a free lifetime passage on all its trains in Canada.

This is one of the numerous instances when we see the influence of the Catholic Church succeed not only in conveying the Word of God to the heathens, converting them from paganism to Christianity, but also in preparing them to become loyal citizens for their own greater good and that of their country.

The whole history of the conversion by Christianity of the British, Teutonic, Frankish, Celtic, Gaelic and other tribes and their rise to a superior culture, by which we have all benefited, gives evidence that nothing can compete with the Christian Faith in laying the foundations of civilization. The reason for this is easy to understand:

Father Rouvier, who was murdered by western Arctic Eskimos in 1913, with some natives at Lake Rouvier. J. Hornby

when people observe the law of God and receive the help they need to do it, the natural and civil laws are more readily accepted and observed, and the result is peace, order, and progress all along the line. It is my aim to point out briefly how this is true in the case of the Eskimos.

Their country, thirty years ago, attracted but a few explorers, missionaries, traders and government officials; however, right now the Eskimo country attracts the whole of Canada's attention because of its many possibilities in natural resources. Indeed, the Eskimos in Canada did not profit by their contact with civilization as quickly as the other natives, but this was due to their isolation, their dispersion over a million square miles, and their living in conditions that frightened even the most courageous white men. The Oblate Fathers, ever since 1860, have been in contact with the Eskimos, and have given them, with religion, the basic formation needed to prepare the way for civilization.

Nowadays, with the quick development of aircraft and radio, and with the finding of precious ore in that country, transportation facilities have so improved as to bring the Eskimos to our door, and have facilitated our task of integrating them into our way of life, so that they too, may become good Canadian citizens.

When a missionary goes to the heathens, his first aim is to convince them that superstition and taboo-observing are futile and an obstacle to progress: intelligent creatures should not be victims of irrational fear and anxiety, which keeps them in bondage, but instead, being children of God, should follow the law of God—a law of mercy and love.

When I first landed at Eskimo Point, on August 9, 1926, there was not to be found there a single adult Eskimo who had been converted to Christianity. During the following years, being variously stationed at Southampton Island, Baker Lake, or Chesterfield, I witnessed the beginnings of several Christian communities. So I have experienced myself, and often later on, heard from the elders among the Eskimos, what a difference there is between the mentality and the way of living of those Eskimos who are under the hard rule of medicine-men on the one hand, and, on the other, the Eskimos who are really living as children of God.

More than once have I witnessed scenes of conjuring and noted how great was the abuse of the poor natives by the sorcerers. Eskimos were obliged to comply with ridiculous orders and requests under the menace of retaliation from the so-called ghosts or spirits with whom the conjurors pretend to have connections.

Father Thibert of the Research Centre of Amerindian Anthropology at the University of Ottawa has spent 27 years as a missionary among the Eskimos, mostly on the west coast of Hudson Bay.

Bishop Clabeau talks with two young Eskimos on the "Nascopie" in 1938. Lorene Squire

How often these natives suffered a loss of time, of money, of health, or of opportunities for good hunting. For instance, when a hunter died, all his implements and belongings had to be left at the side of his grave: brand-new canoes, rifles, blankets, spoiled and made useless when so many needed them badly and lacked the money to buy new ones; because of a death the natives had to remain for days and days without hunting or doing anything. . . . All this on account of their superstition; no wonder they are so thankful to the missionary who helped them, through religion, to get rid of such practices.

Another stupid taboo forbade the sewing of winter clothing until they entered the snow house, and of summer clothing until their tent had been set up at the sea-shore. (By the way, hardly any Eskimo hunter is exclusively a sea hunter or exclusively a land or deer hunter; most of them combine both hunts and profit by both land and sea.) Now these prohibitions against sewing often hindered their hunt and their health, because they had to get along dressed in rags, when they had, however, sufficient material to be well clothed. No wonder the mere fact of shunning such superstitions improved their way of living, and this thanks to the Christian Faith.

But there are more radical improvements brought to the Eskimo mode of life by the Catholic Church, and brought to it usually, at the very first contact with the natives. I shall choose three different instances: one in the Mackenzie area, another in the Interior area, and the last in the Chesterfield Inlet area. These were the first three contacts of the Eskimos with the Catholic Church.

In the Mackenzie area: Before the coming of the missionaries, the Eskimos and the Indians were always at war, and this explains why their numbers were decreasing; there are places where hundreds of skulls were found, the result of deadly battles. May I quote an extract from a letter by Father Grollier, O.M.I., dated at Fort Good Hope on the 28th of May, 1861, telling how he had the Eskimos make peace with the Indians at his very first meeting with them.

"Last fall, I travelled over 180 miles down the great river [Mackenzie], so as to be at the Fort of Peel River, where the Mackenzie 'Loucheux' and the Eskimos generally meet; it was the first time I had ever met members of these two nations; they each have their own language and are far from loving each other; they have been at war many times in the past, and, when I arrived there, the desire for revenge was still strong in all hearts, as much among the Eskimos as among the 'Loucheux.'

"On the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross [September 14], having gathered them together about this sign of reconciliation, I called both chiefs to me, and having them join their hands on my cross, I had them kiss it as a sign of alliance and peace between them with God; my hands covering theirs on the crucifix, I made them promise to love one another in the future. . . . Thus it was on this day of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross that the great Eskimo nation offered its first fruits to the Church, and many of them became children of God by the reception of Baptism."

It is a well known fact that, from that moment, warfare by the Eskimos was unheard of, and this fact alone was a great step towards cultural improvement, peace being so essential for normal life, as we all know from our own experience.

In the Interior area: Now here is a second statement relating the first contacts between Catholic missionaries and the Eskimos: Bishop G. Breynat, O.M.I., writes: "It is an historical fact that the Oblate Fathers were the first to travel among the Eskimos of the Interior and to live with them. It is a fact that in 1860 they established a mission at Caribou Lake, almost at the boundary of the Eskimo territory. It is a fact that in 1868 one of the Oblates, Father Gasté, O.M.I., spent a whole summer with the Eskimos of Dubawnt Lake and persuaded them to trade their furs at Caribou Lake, this being greatly to the advantage of the Company as well as that of the Church. Every year since, the best hunters among the Eskimos would visit Caribou Lake, and often the Oblate Missionaries would accompany them back to the Barren Land. As a result of this, the Eskimos and the Montagnese Indians came to know each other better and the feuds which had long existed between them came to an end. The Eskimos also became very friendly towards the Oblate Fathers."

May I add that the elders of Eskimo Point—Okratsiak, Okôtak, and Angalik—often told me that they had been witnesses of fights between the Eskimos and the Indians but that since their contact with the priests, all this was over.

And now here is a statement from an officer quoted textually in the R.C.M.P. official annual report for the year 1928 on *the Chesterfield Inlet District.* (pp. 89-90.)

An Eskimo camp near the Roman Catholic church and hospital at Chesterfield Inlet. National Film Board

The O.I.C., Staff Sergeant M. A. Joyce, writes: "I first came to this district nearly twenty years ago, and lived with those people for two years before the coming of the traders or missionaries into the district. I took a keen interest in them; travelled and worked with them during both summer and winter. I knew them well, and I know that child-murder; desertion of cripples, old and infirm men and women with consequent death; wife-trading and many other pagan customs then practised by them. Their taboos and superstitions were adhered to, to such an extent that it was almost impossible to have an Eskimo do any work at the time one wanted it done. . . ." [Here, he quotes instances when, at the death of a person, the natives had to stop working for many days, etc.]

"Child-murder, desertion of the old and the cripples; wife-trading, etc. are now things of the past amongst the Christians, and I might add, also amongst those natives who have been coming in contact with the Christian natives. Although the missionary fathers came into the country nine years after the police, I consider that they have done quite as much if not more towards civilizing the natives and establishing law and order in the district than we have done . . . the missionary is a tireless worker in the interest of Christianity and the bettering of both the spiritual and temporal condition of the natives."

Now just a short mention of some pioneer activities of the Catholic Church in the field of cultural improvement.

No one will deny the great value of the ethnological works of Father E. Petitot, O.M.I., who was the first to prepare an extensive monograph on the Canadian Eskimos (1876).

Bishop A. Turquetil, O.M.I., contributed much to spreading the use of syllabics by having a Hammond typewriter equipped with them (1917).

Father L. Ducharme, O.M.I., built a radio transmitter in Chesterfield (1927), which proved to be of great help in medical consultations, etc., for the benefit of the Eskimos.

In 1930 a well equipped hospital, which has proved to be of the utmost utility in improving the Eskimos' health, was erected at Chesterfield.

In 1954 the first Eskimo children's hostel is being built by the Catholic missionaries so that at least 75 children from different localities may attend school.

May I add the publication of my English-Eskimo and Eskimo-English dictionary this very year.

To conclude, here is a recent statement made by the Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources after a seven weeks' trip right through the Eskimo and Indian country, in which he covered over 15,000 miles, mostly by air. An Ottawa newspaper quotes the Honourable Jean Lesage as follows (August 20, 1954):

"There would be absolutely no means of having the native populations of the North adapt themselves to ways of living that could afford their survival as ethnic groups, if we could not rely upon the highly civilizing work and apostolate of the missionaries, who, for the Catholics, are the Oblates of Mary Immaculate." ◆

Enter . . .

The Fur Traders

by P. A. C. Nichols

THE Hudson's Bay Company has been operating trading posts in the Arctic for forty-five years. In 1909 the first one was set up at Wolstenholme, where Hudson Strait turns the corner into Hudson Bay. But long before that—in the 19th, the 18th, and even the 17th century—Company men had regularly traded with the Eskimo who came out in their kyaks to meet the ships slowly making their way through the ice floes of Hudson Strait.

The Arctic traders of the H B C have seen the Eskimo develop from a primitive savage using tools and weapons similar to those of prehistoric Europe, into a man of the modern age who pursues the walrus herds in forty-foot decked boats driven by gasoline engines, instead of in sealskin kyaks, and who kills them with high-powered rifles instead of stone-tipped spears.

Because many of these traders remain in the Arctic for long periods they get to know the Eskimos much better than most whites do. Men like L. A. Learmonth (39 years in the Arctic), Sandy Lunan (32 years), Bert Swaffield and Jimmy Ford (30 years each) and John Stanners and Bob Cruickshank (27 years each) know each Eskimo they deal with personally—know his abilities, his character, his domestic problems, and his ambitions. For the Hudson's Bay man on the frontier is much more than a fur trader—and always has been. As in the old days, natives still come to him for advice and assistance and medical care, as well as for material goods that will help to lessen the hardships and dangers that they must face in their daily lives. Because the trader takes a personal interest in his customers' welfare, his feeling towards them is often akin to that of a father towards his children. And he wants to see these "children" grow up gradually—to be introduced as painlessly as possible to the hectic tempo of modern civilization.

A modern Eskimo of remote Igloolik, with a frozen seal he has shot. R. Harrington

Already these simple, primitive folk of the Arctic, who for centuries eked out a meagre existence among its icy wastes, have jumped almost at one bound from stone age into the air age. Such a shock would have seriously unbalanced a less resolute people, and it is to the lasting credit of the Eskimos that they have come through this shattering experience almost unspoiled. Yet there are those among them who, like many whites, see no reason to struggle for survival if the wherewithal to live can be acquired with little effort, and with the growing interest of the white man in the Arctic, the temptation to relax and be looked after often becomes too strong to conquer.

This, however, is not the kind of "fatherliness" that the fur trader believes in. He realises that the arctic natives cannot be isolated from the enervating effects of civilization, any more than they can be kept in the primitive state of life they had to contend with before the white man came. But he believes that there is a middle course along which the Eskimo can be persuaded to steer, between the rocks of a hard, stone age existence on the one hand, and the sucking whirlpool of civilization on the other.

With up-to-date firearms easily accessible, it would be foolish to insist that the Eskimo continue to hunt for his food with the spear and the bow-and-arrow. But it would also be foolish to insist that the Eskimo should be relieved of all the hardships and dangers that are inseparable from the pursuit of arctic game, by supplying him with all the food he needs.

The Eskimo is what he is because he has had to fight for a living in the most inhospitable inhabited region on the Earth's surface. Through this struggle to remain alive he has developed his well-known characteristics of resourcefulness and courage, of cheerfulness, dependability and stamina, which make his race so admirable in the white man's eyes. To be a man—to prove his manliness—that is the Eskimo's ideal. He takes immense pride in his ability to conquer the elements, to wrest a living from the barren wastes of his chosen homeland. In his eyes, a great man must be a great hunter.

As the growing forces of the white men move into the Arctic, however, the great hunter will gradually lose his position of eminence in the community. At present, this invasion has affected only a few localities, mostly where airfields and other scientific services, such as radio and meteorology provide employment. However, with the advent of these changes, it is inevitable that the Eskimos' way of life will change. In many respects, this is economi-

Peter Nichols, manager of the Arctic Division of the Hudson's Bay Company, joined the Company in 1933 and served at Arctic posts for 13 years before moving to Winnipeg.

cally desirable both from the natives' standpoint and that of the enterprises concerned. At the same time, it is equally inevitable that it will have some effect on those outstanding characteristics which have sustained the Eskimo through the years—his self reliance and self respect—for it is bound to make him dependent upon the white man. At present most Eskimos think of themselves as superior to the whites, who are unable to exist in Eskimo country without a welter of civilized equipment such as heated houses, radios, aircraft, supply ships, and so on, while everything the Eskimo family needs to sustain life in this inexorable country can be carried on a single dog sled. When the white man goes travelling by land, it is the Eskimo who has to show him the way, and only a handful of experienced whites can cope with Arctic winter travel without an Eskimo guide. It is obvious then, to the Eskimo, that of the two races the whites are the weaklings, while they themselves are the *Innuit*—the real *Men*.

What would the old-time Eskimo say if he could meet one of his modern descendants? Would he scorn him for adopting the easier life made possible through the use of white men's weapons and tools, and white man's food? Probably he would envy him his added efficiency in hunting, if not the added variety given to his diet by the flour and sugar and especially tea that he can buy at the trading posts. Peter Freuchen in his article "Out of the Stone Age" (*Beaver*, Sept. 1951) makes a striking comparison between the grinding life of drudgery and danger endured by the primitive Eskimos and the much happier lot that has been theirs since the coming of the trader.

"It has been claimed," he writes "over and over again by thoughtless people that the native man was far better and happier before he met the white man with his inventions and tools . . . I know from personal experience that this picture is entirely wrong in the case of the Indians and the Eskimos of the far North . . . and I have a certain right to speak about them since I am one of the last civilized men who met the Eskimos when they still lived like men of the stone age." And he goes on to describe what a wonderful difference so simple a tool as a steel knife made to their hunting efficiency.

Some writers are fond of picturing the native trapper as being in thrall to the trader, who demands piles of furs in exchange for a few glittering trinkets. But anyone who has seen trading carried on in the Arctic knows how absurd that picture is. The native trapper, childlike though he may be in some respects, is no fool. If he wants to trade, he does so of his own free will. No one forces him to buy. If anybody is a fool, *he* thinks it is the trader, who buys up such useless trash as white fox skins in exchange for such highly desirable and useful things as rifles, snow knives, primus stoves, and ammunition. It puzzles him, of course, when the trader announces that fox skins are worth only half—or twice—the price they fetched the previous year. But he isn't the only one who is puzzled by abrupt changes in the demands of fashion.

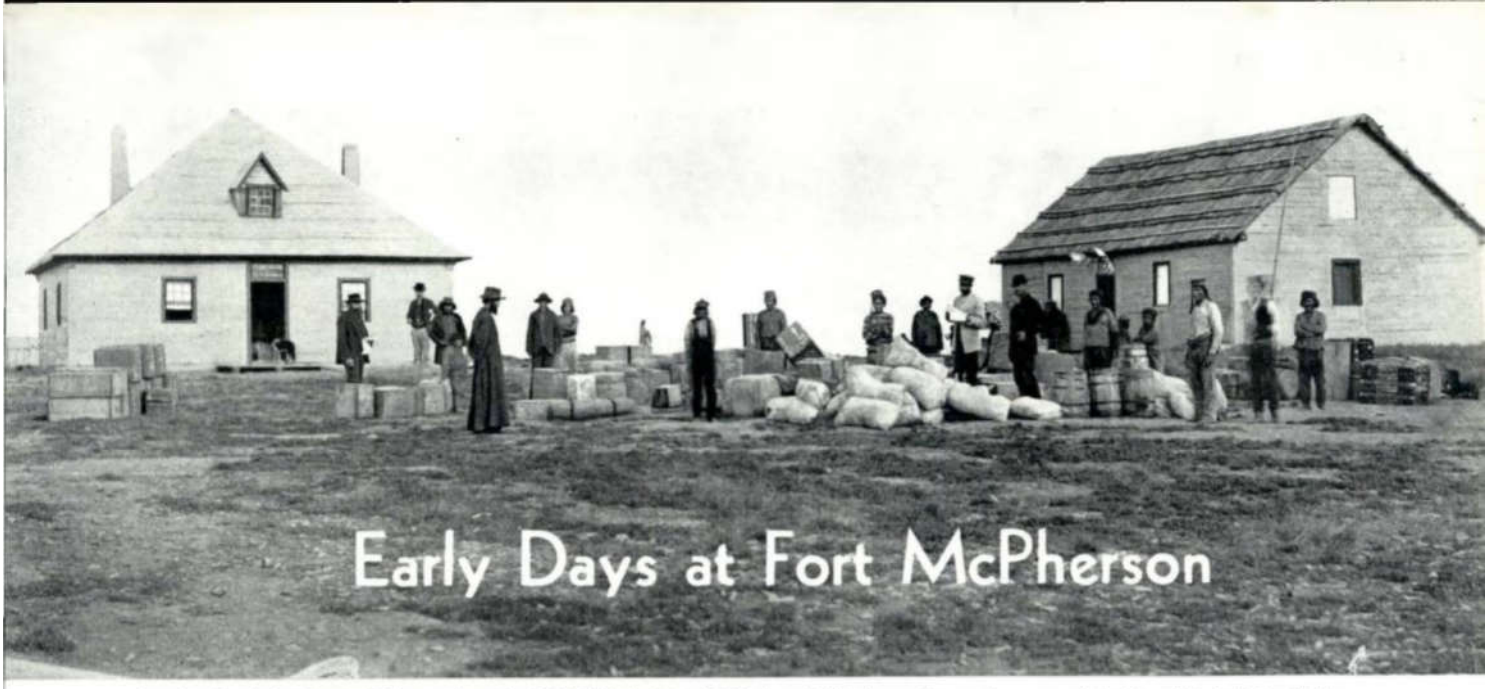
In an arctic trading post, an Eskimo hunter who has brought in a bunch of foxes considers the purchase of a modern rifle.
R. Harrington

This is where the wise trader comes in—the post manager who knows that his post will be still serving this selfsame Eskimo year in and year out—even through profitless periods of uncertain duration. Unfortunately, the white fox, on which both Eskimo and trader are so dependent, is subject to a natural cycle which every four years reaches its peak, then drops precipitously and remains nearer the low point than the high for the next three years. As if this were not bad enough, the situation is further aggravated by unpredictable fluctuations in price which vary with the whims of fashion. It can readily be seen, therefore, that when low prices coincide with low cycles, as not infrequently occurs, it provides a grave problem for both Eskimo and trader alike. It is for this reason that so often the native cannot pay for the things he requires to tide him over until better times, and it is then that the trader advances him "debt," or credit—a debt he will pay when he is able. (This is perhaps what is meant by being "bound hand and foot to the fur trade.") Small wonder, therefore, that the Eskimo is frequently unable to liquidate his obligations, with the result that his debts are cancelled so that he can start afresh.*

Naturally the native has to give up some of his traditional hunting practices and social pleasures so that he can get the fox skins with which to purchase his needs. But the trapping lasts only from November to May, and it is after all only a sideline with him. His seal hunting is not abandoned—it is merely interrupted. And in any event the winter seal hunting is carried on mainly to provide fresh meat as a welcome change from the old meat obtained from the spring and fall hunts. The splitting up of the large groups that used to hunt together is definitely of benefit to him, since it means that the hunting is spread over a larger area. He still hunts seals through the ice and from the floe edge, but he does so with modern weapons that he obtains from the fur trader—with seal hooks that obviate the necessity of waiting motionless for hours over a breathing hole in the bitter cold; or with rifles that are incomparably more efficient than the old-time weapons.

Thus has the advent of the white trader eased the hard lot of the Eskimo. But it has not done so to the extent of destroying his hunting and fishing and travelling skills that are the very breath of life to him. He still has to get out and wrest a living for himself and his family, as he has always done, from the barren tundra and the snowy wastes of the relentless Arctic. ◆

*This is one reason why small traders find it so difficult to operate in the Arctic, and why all who have tried have failed. They require so much capital to withstand the periodic losses, due to poor trapping seasons, or low market values, or the high costs of transport. Such a situation gives rise to the false impression that the H B C has been granted a monopoly of arctic trade.



Early Days at Fort McPherson

Supplies landed at Fort McPherson from the S.S. "Wrigley" in 1892. Joseph Hodgson, the post manager, is in the white jacket with the bills of lading in his hands. James McDougall

Memories of Peel's River post related to the author by some old Loucheux women.

by Ethel Stewart

IT is one hundred and fifteen years since the first Hudson's Bay Company boat entered the waters of Peel River for the purpose of extending the trade into this wealthy fur region. The exploratory journey of John Bell on Peel River in 1839, the establishment of Fort McPherson in 1840, and Bell's subsequent exploration of the Rat, the Bell, and the Porcupine rivers are facts well known in the history of the Canadian North West.

The Indians of Peel River have an interesting account of the coming of the first boat into their Territory. Old Mrs. Louisa Neil related this story of the event to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Simon of Fort McPherson, so that she might tell it to me. Mrs. Neil was then eighty-three years of age, and died the following year, in August, 1951.

When Mrs. Neil's grandfather was a young man, he was fishing near the mouth of the Peel, when he found a piece of wood sawn at both ends. He examined it and wondered how it could have been cut in this fashion. When he showed it to his companions, and they had excitedly discussed their find, they decided that it must have come down the "Big River," and they determined to find the men who had a means of cutting trees in this way. Ascending the "Big River," they came to the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Good Hope. They saw the wonderful things which the Company men had for trade, and after this, the Peel River people made occasional trips to Fort Good Hope to buy the white man's goods—especially beads which were prized above all else by the Loucheux Indians. The trips were not frequent because of the danger of Eskimo war parties intercepting them at the mouth of the Peel, and at Point Separation. But the reports and evidence of the wealth of furs to be obtained at Peel River had already caused the Company to take steps towards the establishment of a trading post in that country.

A lone Loucheux in his little bark canoe saw the big wooden York boat coming up Peel River. He was afraid, but was persuaded by the Hudson's Bay men to come in to shore, though he kept close to the bush so that if need arose he might escape. Presents of beads, a kettle, and a knife reassured him, and he agreed to hurry to Trail Creek, where his tribe lived before the building of the fort, and give warning of the approach of the strangers and their friendly intent.

The Indian people and their children were very much excited as the huge boat drew near. Some seized bows and arrows, and some ran off into the bush. An old Slavey woman, who knew something of the language of the Peel River people, had come with the Hudson's Bay men to tell of the good things they had brought—tobacco, tea and luskee or snuff. The latter was wound up like rope in bundles the size of a ten gallon keg, and was measured off. A piece the length of a man's closed fist and extended thumb sold for one beaver, three rats, or two weasels. It took two bales to supply everyone, so the Trail River camp must have been large. After trading, the white men went on up Peel River to see the country and to hunt.

Now, the Indians all came down the river to help the white men build a fort. Legend says that there were so many people that the land of the chosen site sank with the weight. Probably this story arose from the successive floodings that made it necessary, some years later, to

Miss Stewart was welfare teacher at Fort McPherson for four years. She is writing a history of the fort for her M.A. thesis at Queen's University.

move the fort four miles down stream. The white men wished to build the fort on the west bank because the land was higher there, but the Indians told them that from that side it would not be possible to see the approach of Eskimo war parties, whereas the east bank commands a clear view for many miles down stream. Consequently, the fort was built on the east bank of the Peel River. The Hudson's Bay men now chose a chief to lead the people in obtaining furs for trade. Vit-rsi-ne Tsui Tye was the first chief. He had four boys, one of whom was chief after him and the father of old Mrs. Neil who related this tale.

In 1887, the big wooden supply boats, that had to be tracked upstream, were replaced by steamers. For nearly sixty years, the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamboat was an annual event anticipated by the people of Peel River. Indeed, one of the Indian families took the word Steamboat for a surname.

Mrs. Sarah Simon, my principal informant on life in the old days at Peel River, came to my house one evening in March 1952 to tell me how the people lived fifty years ago, and how they came to depend on the arrival of the supply boat each year. Every year at the end of June, the Indians came into the fort to sell their fur and to await the coming of the boat, which usually arrived sometime before the middle of July. The arrival and departure of the boat was heralded and speeded in the customary manner of all arrivals and departures of importance—by startling volleys of gunfire from the shore. After the boat left, people stocked up with fishing gear, tea, sugar, tobacco, flour, baking powder, and lump sugar, some hardware, and hunting supplies. The head chief then gave a feast and told his people to go fishing.

Nearly everyone would leave for their camps up and down Peel River to fish for connies (*inconnus*) and whitefish. These were filleted, slashed in parallel strips, and hung on racks in the sun or in the smoke house to dry. Tree roots were used to tie the fish in bundles of fifty whitefish or twenty to thirty connies. Bags of dried fish roe, and oil extracted by boiling the intestines, were put away for winter. In August, fish were cooked, dried, and pounded into powder that was mixed with oil and cranberries, then packed in birch bark containers for winter use.

In September, while the moose and caribou were still fat, families moved into the mountains to put up pemmican and dried meat, and to make babiche for snowshoes, and to tan skins for clothing.

When the connie run began in October, the Indians returned to the river, often putting away forty fish per day. After the river froze, nets were set under the ice for whitefish. The roe was put in large containers and frozen for winter use, and the frozen whitefish were also stored away. The loach run came next. Hooks were set under the ice after dark, and many were caught each night. The roe and the liver, which is nearly as large as that of a caribou, were saved for human food, and the fish itself was fed to the dogs. The liver was boiled slowly for about two hours. The oil was skimmed off and saved, and the cooked liver was packed in the cleansed intestine of the fish and frozen.

Next, the women set snares for rabbits. The skin was cut in strips and braided to make clothing for women and children. Men's clothing was made of the summer skins of the caribou. At this time of year, the men made snowshoe frames and sleds from birch wood, and wooden containers and snowshovels which looked like giant butter ladles.

Eskimos dancing at Fort McPherson in 1892. The dance seems to be of European origin, with "music" provided by native dancers and singers.
James McDougall

Group at Peel's River post about 65 years ago. The post manager stands in front with his Indian wife, and to their left are two Roman Catholic priests—possibly Fathers Grouard and Lefebvre who came in 1890.

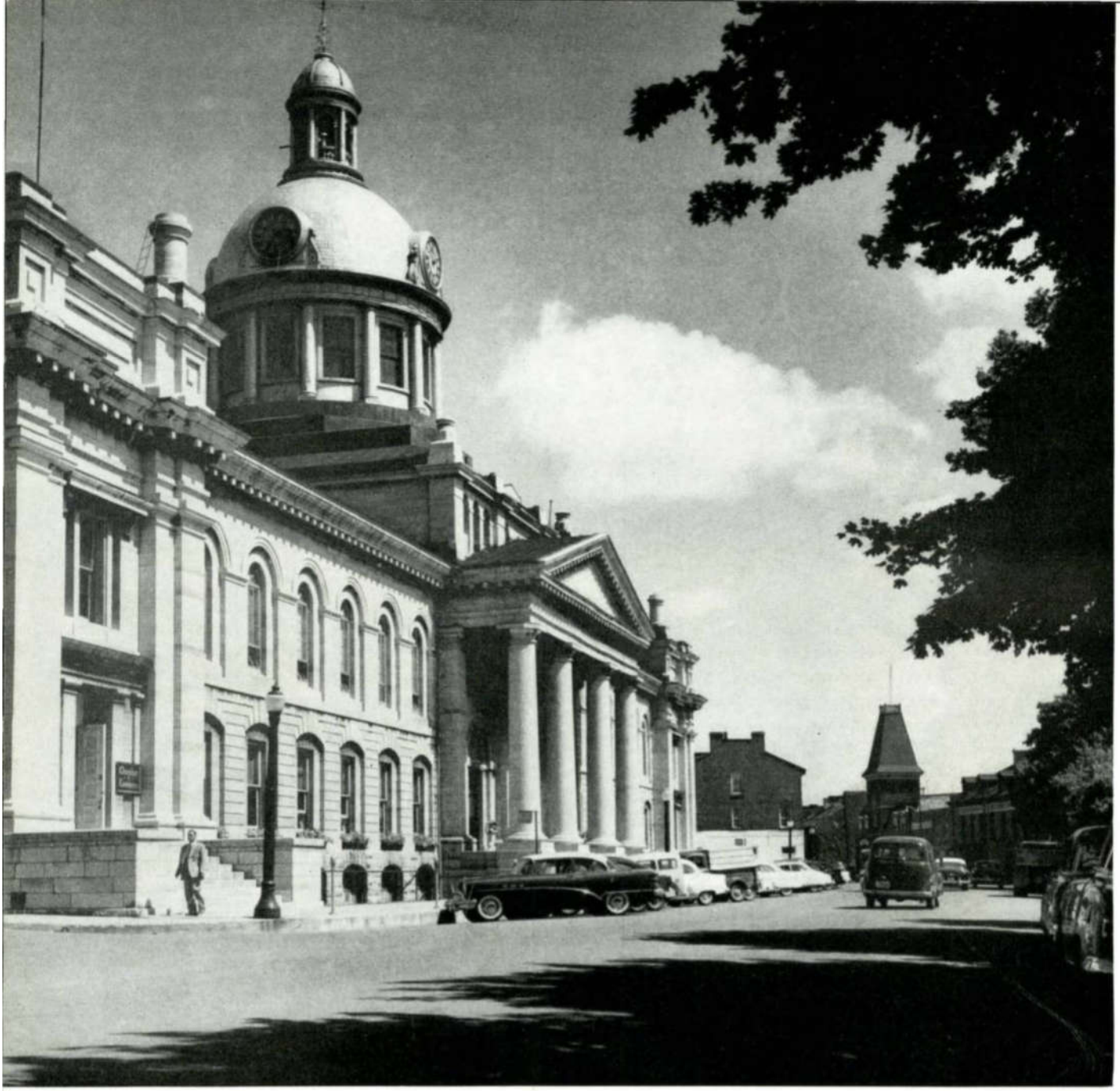
In November, they set traps for foxes, mink, wolverine, lynx and marten. Nearly everyone came into the fort for Christmas, and stayed until after the New Year, buying supplies, visiting, dancing, and attending church services.

In January, everyone went over the mountains for caribou, and now they used up their stores of fish. At Easter, the Delta Indians came into the fort, and afterwards went down to the delta for the spring rat hunt. The Peel River people stayed up river and trapped beaver, and came back to the fort in big skinboats after open water in June, and at the same time—usually at the end of June—the Delta people came in from ratting.

The people now enjoyed a few weeks' holiday, visiting, dancing, playing football and native games all through the bright Arctic nights, attending daily church services and classes in their own language, and in English, at the Anglican Mission School. The occasional wedding dance and feast added to the general happiness of their lives, while they awaited the arrival of the steamboat and another year's supplies.

With numerous embellishments, life follows much the same pattern today. Since 1947, when diesel tugs replaced steamboats, the needs of Fort McPherson have been served by three Hudson's Bay Company boat arrivals per year. The little *Stuart Lake*, called locally the "Banana Boat," though it brings no bananas, follows the ice down river each spring bringing fresh supplies for the northern posts, and usually arrives in Fort McPherson the first week in June. And the M. S. "Pelican Rapids," a large diesel tug, comes in July and September with barges loaded with goods of various sorts to supply the needs of the following year. ◆

Fort McPherson in the 1930s looking north down Peel River. R.C.A.F.



Kingston, Ontario, stands at the western entrance of the St. Lawrence River. This is the City Building, rebuilt in 1847 when Kingston, which had been the capital of the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, hoped to continue as such.

ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY — II

by Rosemary Gilliat

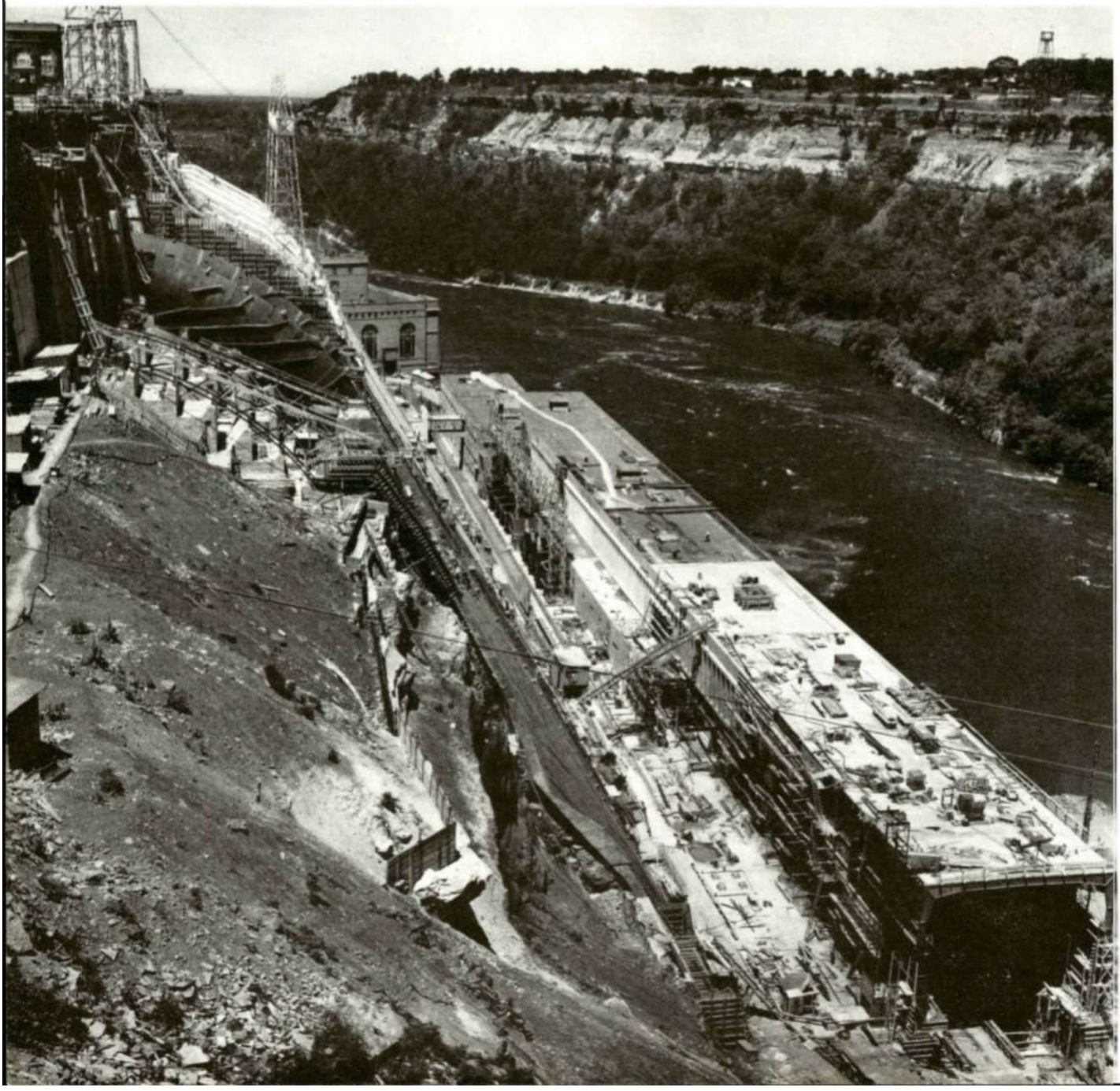
Miss Gilliat, who lives in Ottawa, continues her series of studies made along the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway. This group deals with the section between Kingston and Port Colborne, the western entrance of the Welland Canal.

Fort Henry at Kingston, from Navy Bay. The first fort near here was built by Count Frontenac in 1673 to discourage the marauding Iroquois. 140 years later another wooden fort was erected on this hill to discourage the invading Americans, and this was replaced by Fort Henry in 1836. The fort is now a showplace for visitors, where soldiers in uniforms of the 19th century drill within the imposing stone walls.

This view of part of the Toronto waterfront gives some idea of the rail transportation facilities next to the harbour. An ocean vessel can be seen docked at the extreme left.

Much larger vessels than this will be discharging and taking on cargo here when the deep waterway reaches Toronto. The view looks up Yonge street. The skyscraper is the Bank of Commerce building on King street, and to the left of it, the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Sir Adam Beck Niagara generating station No. 2 under construction in the gorge below Niagara Falls. Its ultimate capacity will be 1,828,000 h.p., or 1,370,000 k.w.

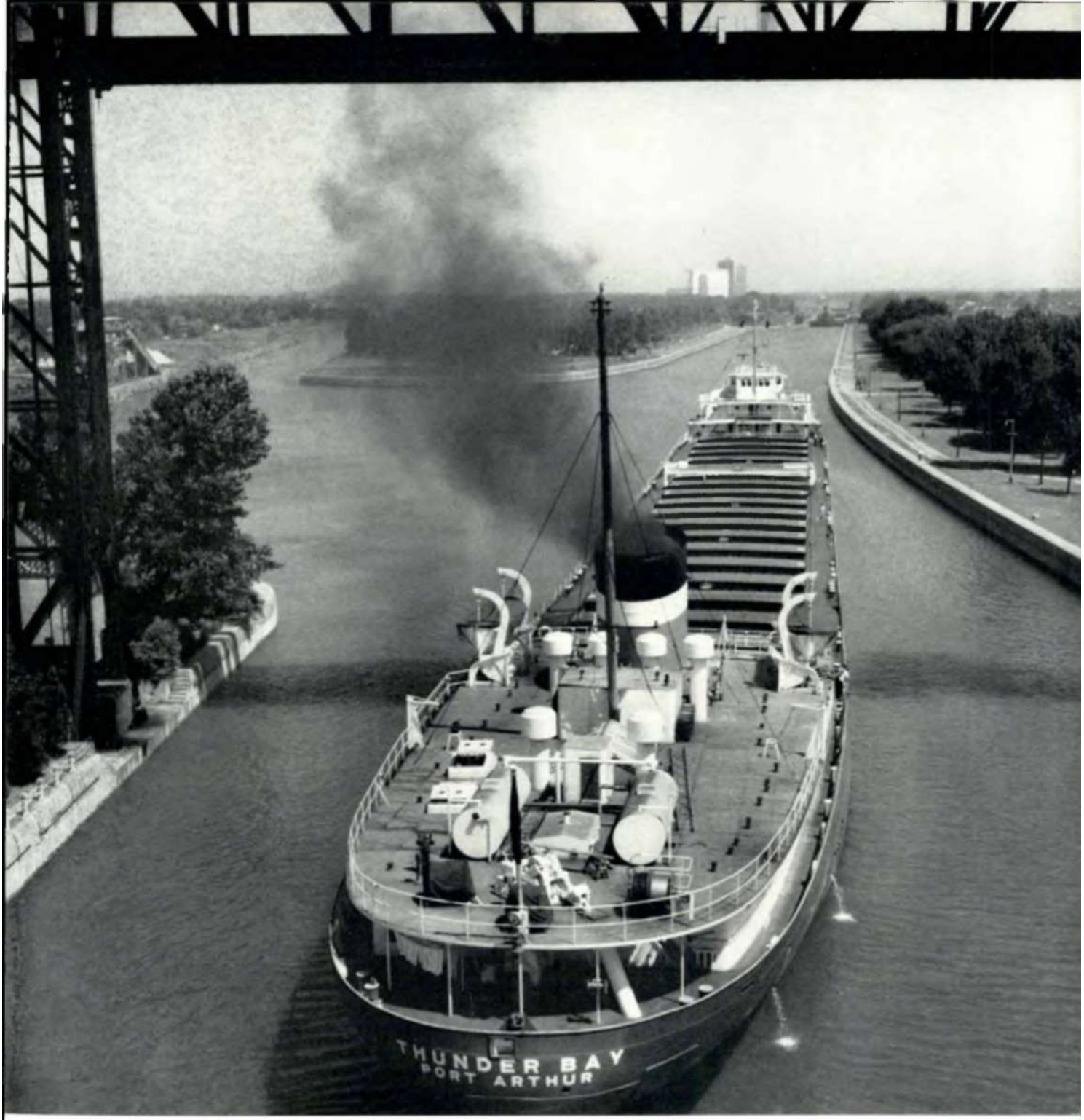


Not far from here, on the Niagara River above the Falls, Cavelier de la Salle built the "Griffon," the first ship to sail the upper lakes, in 1679.

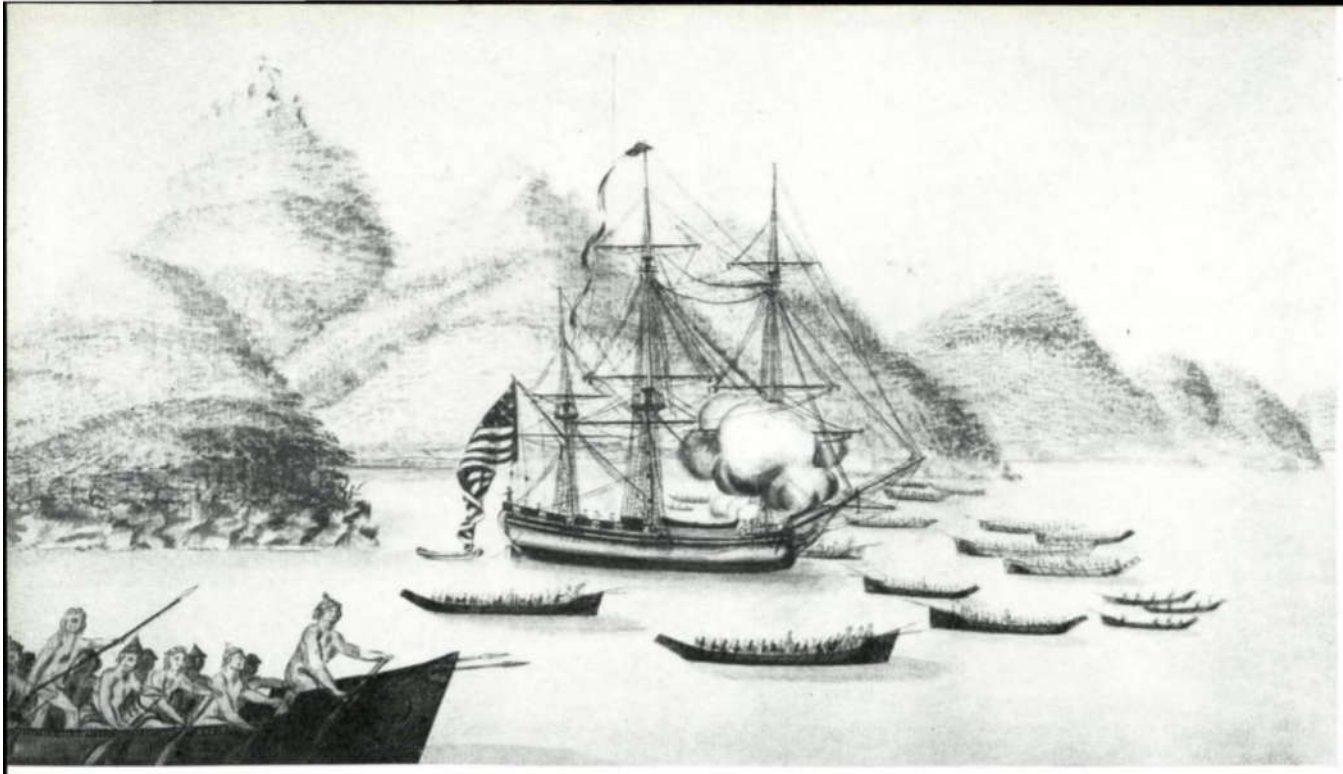
A four-year international program was started last summer to preserve the beauty of Niagara. These are the American Falls.

To bypass the barrier to navigation presented by Niagara Falls, the first Welland Canal was begun in 1824. With a depth of 8 feet, it had forty locks, and was opened to shipping in 1829. The second canal was begun in 1841 and finished in four years; the depth was increased to nine feet, and the number of locks reduced to 27. These are the downstream gates of No. 25 lock in this second canal, at Thorold.

Belching black smoke, a downbound collier passes out of Lock 7 at Thorold. The present canal is the fourth, and was built between 1913 and 1932 to replace the third, of 14-foot depth. It has only one fifth as many locks as the first canal, with a depth of thirty feet on the sills, and a minimum length of nearly 860 feet, capable of accommodating the largest lake freighter. Surprisingly enough, during the 1953 season 30% of the tonnage handled consisted of coal and coke, and only 27½% of grain.



A 664-foot lake carrier of the Canada Steamship Lines glides under a lift bridge at Port Colborne, Lake Erie, and heads for the highest lock of the Welland Canal. Before she emerges onto the waters of Lake Ontario she will have dropped more than 325 feet. The woods along the banks have been planted primarily to guard the passing ships against cross winds.



Robert Gray's ship, "Columbia Rediviva" usually held to be the first to enter the Columbia River, firing on Indians who threatened to board her. From the drawing by George Davidson, a member of the crew. Oregon Historical Socy.

Who Discovered the Columbia?

by Thomas Dunbabin

Was James Baker's schooner "Jenny," from Bristol, the first ship to enter the Columbia River?

HISTORIANS hold that the first vessel to enter the Columbia River was the *Columbia Rediviva* of Boston, commanded by Robert Gray, and that the second was H. M. S. *Chatham*, under the command of Lieutenant Robert Broughton, R. N. The second assumption is certainly wrong; the first may be. The schooner *Jenny* of Bristol, commanded by James Baker, was the second vessel to enter the Columbia, if she was not the first.

The United States claim to the Oregon country was based primarily on the assumed priority of "discovery" asserted for Gray. On the British side Captain George Vancouver, R. N., contended that Gray had not entered and not discovered the river proper but only the "sound" at its mouth and that the real discovery belonged to Broughton. In view of this claim Vancouver was not interested in the case for James Baker and the *Jenny*, though that case rests largely on evidence set down by Vancouver. Baker seems to have cared little for fame.

Vancouver, sent out in command of H. M. S. *Discovery* and *Chatham* to explore and chart the northwest coast of America, missed the entrance to the Columbia as he passed up the coast in April 1792. He knew that 15 years earlier the Spaniards had given the name of *Entrada de Haceta* (Heceta Entry) to a sound or bay in about 46° N. From the currents and eddies that he observed in this opening on August 17, 1775, Bruno de Heceta, pilot of the Spanish vessel *Santiago*, had concluded that it was the mouth of a great river; but he had not entered the river.

Later in the year 1792 Vancouver met Captain Gray of the *Columbia* who said that he had, as Vancouver put it, "entered the river, or rather the sound, which he named after his ship." The day on which Gray entered the river was May 11, 1792.

In October, 1792, Vancouver sent Broughton in the *Chatham* to examine and chart the "sound." Broughton took the *Chatham* in over the bar and went up the Columbia for a distance that he estimated at 120 miles. Vancouver held that this was the real "discovery" of the Columbia. Though he did not put it in that way he seems to have considered that Gray was no more the discoverer of the river proper than Heceta had been.

H. M. S. *Chatham* had crossed the bar on October 20. Broughton was ready to leave on November 6. The sea on the bar was too heavy and the *Chatham* anchored near Point Adams. Vancouver, basing his account on Broughton's report wrote: "Here was found the *Jenny* of Bristol, the same vessel that had been passed by the *Chatham* on her

Thomas Dunbabin is the representative in Canada of the Consolidated Press Limited of Sydney, N.S.W., Australia. He was for several years Australian Press Attaché in Ottawa and has long been interested in the byways of Canadian history. He is the author of "Sailing the World's Edge," and "Slavers of the South Seas."

first arrival. Mr. Broughton was informed by Mr. James Baker, the master of this vessel, that a constant succession of bad weather had prevented his putting to sea." Broughton named the bight in which he anchored Baker's Bay, after the *Jenny's* master.

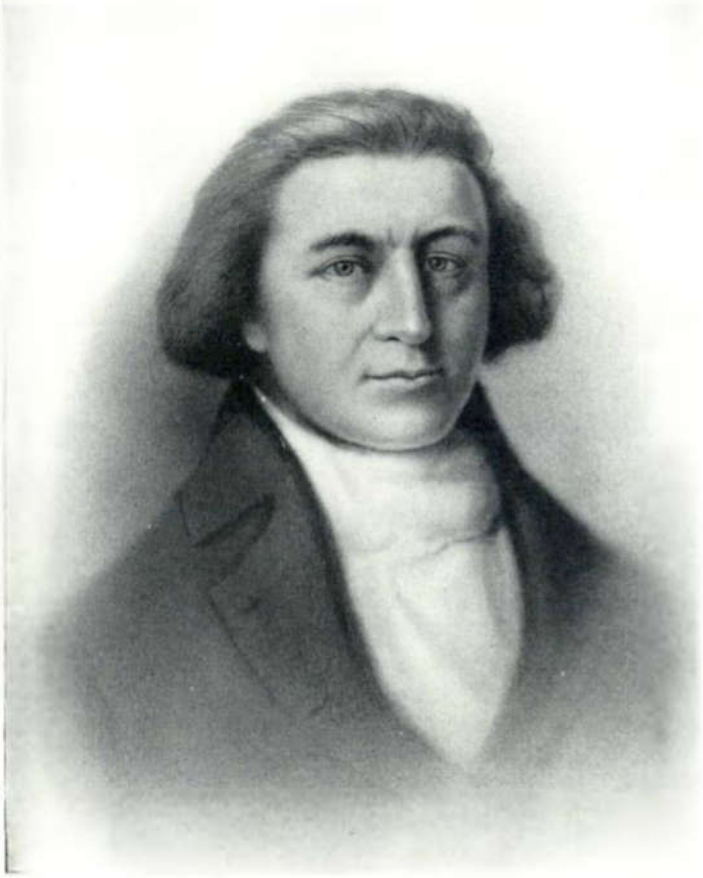
The two ships went out over the bar on November 10. Vancouver writes of Baker: "Having been here in the earlier part of the year he was better acquainted than Mr. Broughton with the course of the channel." Baker led the way and the *Jenny* appeared to cross the bar without shipping any water. But the seas broke over the *Chatham* from stem to stern several times.

This then was the *Jenny's second* visit to the Columbia River. How much earlier does Vancouver mean by the statement that Baker had been there "earlier in the year?" Was it before May 11 when the *Columbia* went in over the bar?

The *Jenny*, a three-masted schooner of 60 tons, belonged to Sidenham Teast, a well-known Bristol shipowner. She had sailed from Bristol on June 18, 1791, and had come to the northwest coast by way of Cape Horn, touching at the Cape Verde Islands, Tahiti, Christmas Island and Hawaii.

There is no direct evidence about the date of her first visit to the Columbia. It seems likely that when she left Hawaii, probably in April, 1792, she stood over to the American coast and entered the river on her way northward.

Capt. Robert Gray of the "Columbia Rediviva."
Oregon Historical Socy.



Captain Baker may then have named Port Sidenham; if so, he touched on the coast more than 175 miles to the south of the Columbia mouth. However the first certain notice of the *Jenny* after she left Hawaii appears to be the mention in the log of Capt. Joseph Ingraham of the *Hope* of Boston, which shows her at Clayoquot Sound, 240 miles north of the Columbia in an air line, on August 6.

It is possible, of course, that the *Jenny* may have gone south again and entered the Columbia between the date of her visit to Clayoquot and her entry into Nootka Sound on October 7. In that case her visit to the Columbia River must definitely have been three months or more after the visit of Captain Gray in the *Columbia*.

Assuming that *Jenny* entered the Columbia on her way from Hawaii to Clayoquot, the date would depend on when she left Hawaii; and on the time taken in sailing from Hawaii to the Columbia. If she left Hawaii early in April, as Vancouver seems to indicate, she might well have been there before *Columbia*.

When she touched at Tahiti the *Jenny* took on board Captain Matthew Weatherhead and four of the crew of the whaler *Matilda*. This vessel had left Sydney, N.S.W., towards the end of December, 1791, and had, while on her way to the whaling grounds off Peru, been wrecked on a shoal in 22°S., 138° 30′ W., near Mururua or Osnaburgh Island in the Low Archipelago. Vancouver, who met Captain Weatherhead at Nootka, gives the date of the wreck as February 25, 1792. In a letter which he left at Tahiti, Weatherhead stated that the voyage from the wreck to Tahiti in the ship's boats took six days. As 1792 was a leap year this means that Weatherhead reached Tahiti on March 3 at the earliest. Probably it was a little later.

The letter was handed to Captain William Bligh of H. M. S. *Providence*, formerly of the *Bounty*, when he reached Tahiti on April 9, 1792, on his second bread-fruit voyage. Weatherhead had left Tahiti in the *Jenny*. How long before Bligh's arrival this was is not stated.

On the way from Tahiti to Hawaii the *Jenny* touched at Christmas Island, in latitude 2°N., longitude 157° 30′W., for turtles and water. There Captain Baker found a letter in a bottle, left by Captain Cook who had discovered the island on Christmas Day, 1777. Presumably the stay at this uninhabited island was very short.

Doubtless the *Jenny* stayed longer at the Hawaiian Islands, then one of the "paradises of the Pacific." There Baker took on board two girls, Raheaina who was about 15 and Tymarow, who was four or five years older. Vancouver had heard about both Baker and the girls before he met Baker at Nootka Sound in October. No doubt Ingraham, for one, had much to say about them. Vancouver wrote:

"Amongst the various reports industriously circulated at Nootka by the citizens of the United States to the prejudice of the British subjects trading on the coast of Northwest America it had been positively asserted that some of the latter had brought the natives of the Sandwich Islands from thence to the coast of America and had sold them to the natives of these shores for furs. These two young women (Raheiana and Tymarow) were particularly instanced as

Capt. George Vancouver, R.N. From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

Vancouver City Archives.

having been so brought and disposed of by Mr. Baker commanding the *Jenny* of Bristol and the story was told with such plausibility that I believe it acquired some degree of credit with Senor Quadra and most of the Spanish officers who heard it. The arrival of the *Jenny*, however, in the port of Nootka gave a flat contradiction to these scandalous reports and proved them to be equally malicious and untrue; as the two girls were found still remaining on board the *Jenny*, without having entertained any idea that they were to be sold; nor did they mention having received any ill-usage from Mr. Baker but on the contrary that they had been treated with every kindness and attention while under his protection."

In spite of this handsome certificate Vancouver evidently did not like Captain Baker. He continues:

"Although I had not any personal knowledge of Mr. Baker previous to his coming to Nootka yet I should conceive him totally incapable of such an act of barbarity and injustice and if there were the least sincerity in the solicitude he expressed to me in the future happiness and welfare of these young women it is impossible that he could ever have meditated such a design. I do not, however, mean to vindicate Mr. Baker's conduct in bringing these girls from their native country for I am decidedly of opinion that it was highly improper; and if the young women are to be credited their seduction and detention on board Mr. Baker's vessel were inexcusable. They report that they went on board with several of their countrywomen who were permitted to return to the shore, but that they were confined down in the cabin till the vessel had sailed and at some distance from Onehow. On the other hand Mr. Baker stated that he had put to sea without any knowledge of their being on board his vessel. Be that as it may we found them thus situated at Nootka and the future object of Mr. Baker's voyage keeping him wide of the Sandwich Islands he requested that I would allow them to take their passage thither and on our sailing from Nootka they were sent on board and taken under my protection."

They were bold and dashing girls and seem to have been pets on H. M. S. *Discovery*. They were there for some months for Vancouver did not return to Hawaii till March, 1793. The *Discovery* touched at Monterey in California on the way and there the two girls, who had never seen horses before, went for a ride. Vancouver says that on their first landing they were placed on horseback without showing any hesitation or alarm. With a man to lead the horses they rode without fear.

Vancouver landed the girls at Waimea on March 29, 1793. He states that by that time they had "endured an uncomfortable absence of more than a year." If this statement can be taken literally the *Jenny*, with the two girls on board, had left "Onehow" before March 29, 1792. If that is so there seems little doubt that the *Jenny* reached the Columbia on her first visit *before* the arrival of Captain Gray on May 11. A date earlier than March 29, however, seems to give too little time for the *Jenny's* voyage from Tahiti and for Baker's dealings, whatever they were, in Hawaii. Weatherhead's evidence shows that the *Jenny* could not have left Tahiti before March 4. The date of her sailing was probably somewhat later. However if she left Hawaii early in April she might have had time to reach the Columbia before May 11.

Vancouver saw the *Jenny* of Bristol once more. On October 2, 1794, he wrote at Nootka Sound a letter to his naval agent, James Sykes, and noted that it was to be sent by the *Jenny* of Bristol, which was to sail, presumably for Bristol, that evening or next day.

There is one other mention of the *Jenny's* visit to the Columbia River but it is too vague and inexact to help in fixing the date; if taken literally it proves too much. The voyage of the *Jenny* apparently proved profitable enough to induce her owner, Sidenham Teast, to continue in the fur trade of the Northwest Coast. He sent out the schooner *Ruby*, commanded by Charles Bishop whose log is now in the Archives at Victoria B.C. The *Ruby* spent the winter of 1795-96 in the Columbia, which Bishop calls the Chinook River. She was in fact the first vessel to winter there. The entry for December 1, 1795, reads:

"Shelathwell, the chief next to Taicum, has a child by one of his women slaves who ascribes it to Mr. Williams who was here four years ago in Mr. Teast's ship, the *Jenny*."

Taken at its face value the "four years" would put the *Jenny's* visit back to December, 1791. However a date early in 1792 would no doubt be near enough. That this statement is an echo of the first visit of the *Jenny* and not of that of October and November 1792, appears likely from Vancouver's statement that Broughton saw no Indians until October 26, six days after his entry into the Columbia and at a time when he had gone a considerable distance up the river.

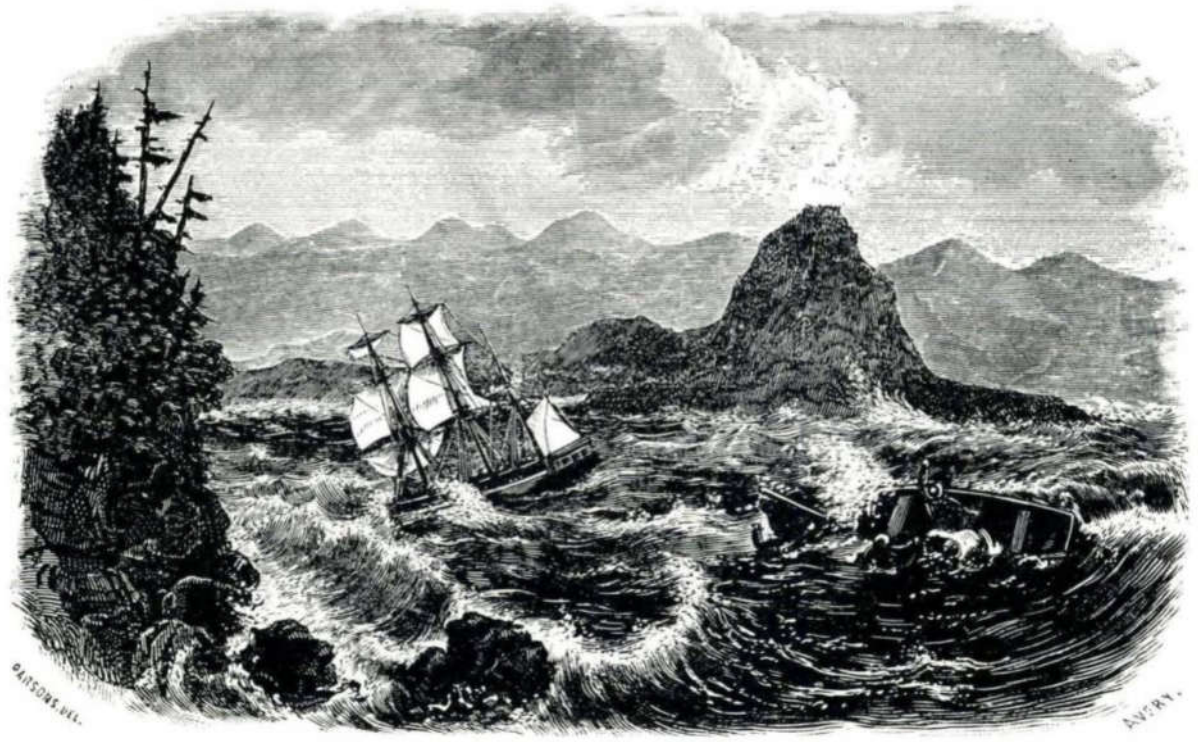
The United States claimed the Oregon country by right of Gray's "discovery" and the best that the British Government could do right up till 1846, when the lower basin of the Columbia and all the western territory south of 49° N. finally went to the U.S., was to continue to assert, with diminishing conviction, the claim of Vancouver that Gray had never really entered the river but only the "sound" and that the real discovery of the Columbia was made by Broughton. The British would have done better to follow up the casual hint about his first visit that Captain Baker of the *Jenny* gave to Broughton in November, 1792. James Baker, careless, indifferent to fame, might then have grown immortal in his own despite.

The claim to discovery based on Vancouver's contention that it was Broughton who really "discovered" the river was obviously of little value in the light of Vancouver's own narrative. On April 28, 1792, Vancouver, on his way up the coast, met Gray a little to the north of the mouth of the Columbia. Vancouver had noticed that the sea was discoloured by fresh water off the mouth of the Columbia but concluded that this water came from small streams in flood. He was convinced, and says so in his book, that no considerable river entered the ocean along this stretch of coast. Vancouver had no nose for rivers; he later missed the Fraser.

Within a fortnight of this meeting Gray had taken the *Columbia* into the river. Later Gray and Vancouver met again and Gray spoke of his discovery. So in October, 1792, Vancouver decided to examine the reported river when on his way from Nootka to Monterey. He mentions that on October 20, his ships were near Cape Disappointment, "which forms the north point of the entry to the River Columbia, thus named by Mr. Gray." The *Discovery*, with Vancouver himself on board, could not get over the bar so he left the examination to Broughton on the *Chatham*. Later, when he received Broughton's report, Vancouver advanced the argument that Gray had entered the "sound" but had left the discovery of the river to Broughton.

Perhaps if Vancouver had met Captain Baker before he met Gray the second time, or if either he or Broughton had taken the trouble to find out and put on record the date of the *Jenny's* first visit to the Columbia, the British case for the discovery of the Columbia would have had real substance. That depends, however, on whether the *Jenny* was there before May 11, the date on which the *Columbia* crossed the bar. Some day, perhaps, the log of the *Jenny* will be found in an attic in Bristol or in some other hiding-place. Then James Baker, schooner master out of Bristol, girl-stealer and fur trader, may take a place amongst discoverers. As it is, he is but a footnote to history. ◆

The mouth of the Columbia River. The ship "Tonquin" is seen crossing the bar. From Franchere's "Narrative."



Cover

The fine portrait of Ma-wo-ma, one of the leading chiefs of the Snake Indians, was painted by Alfred Jacob Miller in 1867, from sketches made by him thirty years earlier. Miller was engaged by (Sir) William Drummond Stewart in 1837 to accompany him on one of his western trips, and the paintings resulting from that journey form one of the most valuable pictorial records of early western life. To accompany each painting the artist wrote a short description of the subject, and this is what he has to say about the picture on our cover:

"*Ma-wo-ma* (Little Chief): This name was a misnomer, as the subject of it stood nearly six feet in his mocassins. It did not apply in any way, for he was then Chief of about 3,000 Snake Indians, and decidedly superior to every one that we met.

"He was a man of high principle, in whom you could place confidence. When our Commander, [Wm. Drummond] on a former journey, had a difficulty with the Indians, and lost all his horses, Ma-wo-ma exerted himself in his behalf, and recovered the most of them.

"In making a drawing for me, such as they send as a sort of letter to their friends, he colored the drawing with a stick; all four legs of the horse were drawn on the same side. His war horse, himself, and his immense helmet of eagle feathers, occupy the whole field, while the enemy are diminutive creatures, and whom he is spitting like larks. Fifteen arrows above the enemy signified that number had 'gone under,' but Ma-wo-ma, like a prudent general, says nothing of his own losses."

The water colour from which this reproduction was made is part of a collection of forty commissioned by Alexander Brown of Liverpool, England (the artist charged only $1000 for the lot!), and acquired in 1946 by the Public Archives of Canada through the kindness of one of his descendants, Mrs. J. B. Jardine. The largest collection of Millers is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Porter of Kansas City, Missouri, by whose courtesy "The Trapper's Bride" was reproduced in the last *Beaver*.

White Pass Route

Quite a lot of people wrote in about the W. P. & Y. R. story that appeared in the last *Beaver*. One was W. L. Ellarson of Spokane, who took part in the gold rush, and he pointed out (a) that the Skagway wharf shown in Miss Gilliat's sombre study was never completed; (b) that the 1500 workers who downed tools and hiked for Atlin did so in 1898, not 1899; and (c) that the train in the first picture is headed south, not north. Blame for these errors has been divided equally between photographer, author and editor.

Another letter came from Norman Byers of St. Catharines, Ontario, nephew of John Hislop, head surveyor on the railway, who is shown in the "last spike" picture on page 20. Mr. Hislop, he says, was the first mayor of Skagway. Sadly enough, he was killed in a railway accident near Chicago, on his wedding day. His brother James, now living in B.C., was also a civil engineer, but with the C.P.R., and was closely connected with the surveys of the famous spiral tunnels in the Rockies.

Still another correspondent pointed out that the lady driving the last spike in the picture is Mrs. Wood, wife of Supt. Z. T. Wood of the N.W.M.P., who is the man the caption wrongly identified as M. J. Heney. Heney is actually the man to the right of Supt. Wood. Facing Mrs. Wood is Dr. Sugden, who piloted many a scow through the canyon and the rapids.

NORTHERN BOOKS

SUDBURY BASIN—THE STORY OF NICKEL, by D. M. LeBourdais. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1953. 206 pages. $3.00.

Reviewed by G. A. Russell.

THIS book is written in a "flashback" style with two main themes. One theme is concerned with the technical aspects of the development of the sprawling nickel industry which has become such an essential part of our everyday living. The second theme is an historical account of the growth of Sudbury, a community which by day watches the smoke from the towering smelter stacks five miles to the west and by night watches the red glare from the emptying slag pots. And well might Sudburians watch this smoke and slag, for without them, Sudbury—in the inimitable vernacular of our teenagers—"would have had it." Mr. Le Bourdais has interwoven the technical and historical themes into a slightly jerky saga of the Sudbury district—the world's most important source of the strategic metal, nickel.

A preview (Chapter One) gives the reader a broad picture of what is to follow in the main chapters of the book. The remainder of the book may be classified as 45% technical and 55% historical. Technical chapters (nine) cover such items as the geology of the nickel ores, ore treatment processes involving both the recovery of minerals and the metallurgical recovery of metals, details of financing and "deals" which resulted in the present corporate structure of the major producing companies and some information in regard to the mining end of the business. In nearly every instance, the technical chapters presuppose some knowledge of geology, physics, chemistry and high finance and would not be easily understood by the general reading public. The historical chapters (eleven) are built around individuals who are—or have been—well-known in Canadian mining circles but not by the average person.

It is difficult to assess the reader appeal of this book because of the manner in which its contents have been distributed between technical and historical data. Much more comprehensive information on the geology, mining and metallurgy of the nickel ores is available in the numerous professional publications of the mining industry and only a small section of the reading public would find what is presented of much interest. There is little doubt that the chief value of the book lies in the fact that it is a compilation of a large amount of data which previously has been scattered through a wide variety of sources. People who are interested in finding out about the nickel industry will find *Sudbury Basin* a valuable preliminary to a search for more detailed information, whether technical or historical, in the ponderous literature which has accumulated on the subject.

Mr. Russell is assistant professor of geology at the University of Manitoba.

SODBUSTERS INVADE THE PEACE, by A. M. Bezanson. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1954. 209 pages. $3.95

Reviewed by J. G. MacGregor

TODAY as cars speed along the 366 miles of the modern highway from Edmonton to Grande Prairie, travellers pass the little hamlet of modern Bezanson with scarce a glance or an enquiry as to its history. Only one in ten thousand knows of the existence of old Bezanson four miles south. Few realize that this trip from Edmonton to this point, which they have accomplished in ten hours, once took five weeks of toil. Fortunately A. M. Bezanson made this five weeks' trip many times and now in his *Sodbusters Invade the Peace* has come forth to tell us of the making of the old trails and of the early history of this area. He recalls for us some of the hardships and heartbreak of the early settlers, and gives us vivid pictures and stories of the hardy pioneer men and women of fifty years ago, who loved this land, stayed with it, and finally opened up this rich area we know as the Peace River Country. This is the first really worthwhile book to be written by a Peace River old-timer.

Mr. Bezanson, as well as relating the history of early settlement on the Grande Prairie, recalls the many railroad surveys that were made near the beginning of the century. The author settled on the banks of the Smoky River at a point where he thought the railway would cross it. He sub-divided his land into a townsite. But he had the disappointment of seeing this railway surveyed and then abandoned. This disappointment was succeeded by another when the highway, which followed in the footsteps of the settlers, crossed the Smoky a few miles downstream. Not many miles from where, in the early days, Bezanson ferried hundreds of settlers across the raging waters of the Smoky, a steel bridge carrying an asphalt highway now spans that river.

The author is in error in stating that Mackenzie spent the winter of 1792-93 at Fort Dunvegan, when in reality he did so some fifty miles downstream from there. There is another error, a typographical one, where the coal of the Peace River Passes is stated to have a B.T.U. value of 1,400 instead of 14,000. As the author says, this is a wonderful deposit of coal, but I think he is too critical over the fact that Canadians have not yet found a use for it. This coal will be used, but only when it becomes economically possible to do so, and that may yet be generations away.

These petty criticisms are not intended to detract from what is certainly a reliable and an interesting book. I hope it may inspire other old-timers to tell us their stories before it is too late.

Mr. MacGregor, author of The Land of Twelve-Foot Davis *and other books, is president of the Historical Society of Alberta.*

MOUNTAINS, MEN, AND RIVERS, by J. H. Stewart Reid. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1954. 229 pages. $4.00.

Reviewed by Madge Wolfenden

TO the average reader who knows little of the *true story* (that is the history) of British Columbia, this will be a readable book, for there is much of interest in it, as well as good writing—notably in the chapters entitled "Road of the 'Star-Man' ", "Knights in Grey Blanket Cloth," and "Adventurers of England." But the essays as a whole contain many sins of omission and commission. Were Doctor Reid just another journalist, one might forgive him; but since he is professor of history at United College in Winnipeg, and a graduate of the University of British Columbia, one cannot overlook the many inaccuracies and the false information his book contains.

It is disturbing, for instance, to read on page 4 that the Skeena and Stikine rivers "defy any kind of navigation," when we know that during the Cassiar gold rush there were at least five stern-wheelers in use on the Stikine alone, while the canneries on the Skeena river were regularly served by stern-wheelers in the 1880s and 1890s and even later. Again, to read that Cape Mendocino is situated on the British Columbia coast, and that Savona is east of Kamloops, is somewhat startling.

Vancouver residents, well aware that Hastings and Granville townsites came into being in 1869 and 1870 respectively, will be surprised at the author's statement on page 220: "To give it . . . dignity . . . Gastown was officially renamed in 1886 first as Granville and then very quickly after as Vancouver."

Victorians will also disagree, first of all, with the situation of the fort as given on page 110, and with the stated length of Charles Ross's tenure as Chief Trader in charge of it; with the alleged naming of Vancouver Island by Captain Vancouver as the "Island of Vancouver and Quadra"; with the reference to Father De Smet as Bishop of Vancouver Island; with the promotion of Sir James Douglas to a baronetcy; and with the reference to the philanthropic baroness as "Lady" Burdett-Coutts.

Lieutenant William Broughton, R.N., is called "Brougham." Governor Arthur Kennedy becomes "Albert." Baillie-Grohman has become *Waillie*-Grohman; Heceta is given as *Hecata*, Milbanke sound is misspelled and Esquimalt has degenerated in *Esquimault*—to mention but a few of the many errors of pure carelessness. In addition there are a number of typographical errors.

One of the most serious omissions of which Dr. Reid is guilty is the leaving out, from his chapter on the Strait of Anian, the voyage of Sir Francis Drake to the northwest coast of America in the year 1579.

The chapter entitled "Waddington's Folly" is a disappointment, for it tells only half the truth about Alfred Waddington by concentrating on his Bute Inlet activities. The real work which Waddington accomplished was at Ottawa in connection with the development of the Canadian West by a transcontinental railway.

This reviewer takes exception, in a work of this description, to the expressions: *plushest* (whatever that may mean); *out of the road*, for out of the way; *talked some courage into* for tried to encourage; and *Admirally boss* (in reference to the Earl of Sandwich). They are too colloquial for an historian's usage.

The photographic reproductions are good and are an acquisition. They convey to the reader the industrial growth which has developed in recent years.

In conclusion the reviewer hopes with Doctor Reid that *Mountains, Men and Rivers* "may bring to the attention of some more skilled craftsman . . . the rich mine of material for historian, novelist, dramatist . . . which exists in the story of British Columbia." She also hopes that the author himself will continue his research work on British Columbia using the many resources (far more are available which have not been listed in the Notes) to be found in the Libraries and Archives, and taking up his pen again, may give the reading public something really worth while.

Miss Wolfenden recently retired from the position of assistant archivist of the B.C. Provincial Archives.

M IS FOR MOOSE by Anton Swanson. Vantage Press, N. Y., 1954, 64 pages. ($2.50 in U. S.)

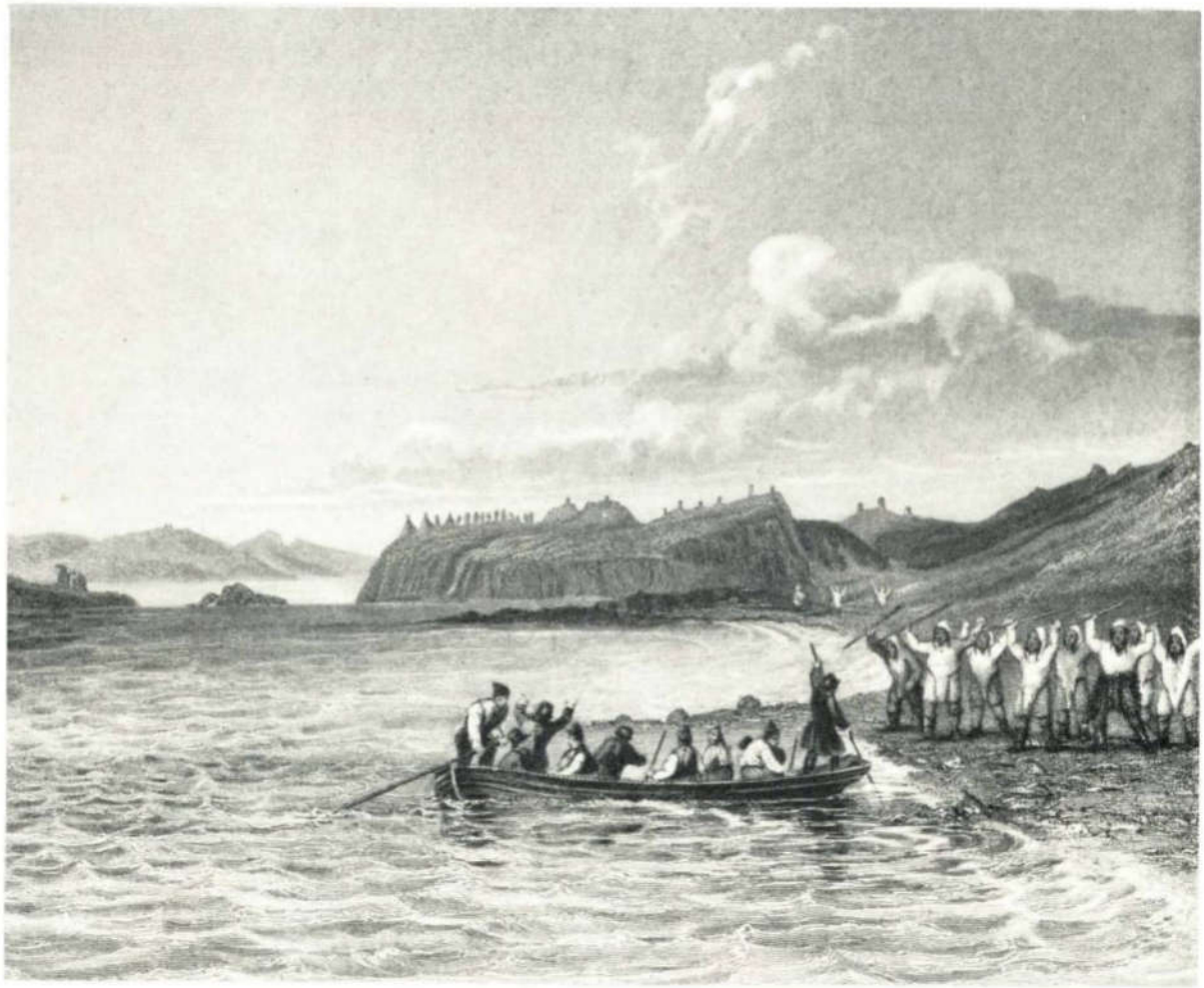
Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

IT becomes obvious as one reads this little book that the author is a capable and observant woodsman; but it also becomes obvious that he is almost totally ignorant of the scientific work that has been done, and is being done, in Canada on the subject he deals with. He discusses at great length the work done in Europe on the European elk. But he leads one to believe that—aside from himself—no one in this country has paid the slighest attention to the life history of the moose. Does he know, we wonder, of the work done by Dr. Peterson of the Royal Ontario Museum, or by Dr. Taylor of U.B.C.?

In the matter of recorded weights and measurements, for instance, Mr. Swanson cites the case of a single hunter who weighed a single moose in Quebec, and says: "This is the only actual weight we have on the Canadian moose up to the present time." Yet wildlife workers in this country have spent many years compiling the very data that the author deplores as being lacking, and their findings are on record at our large museums and wildlife management organizations.

One is left with a sense of regret that the author has not discussed the moose solely as he himself knows it. For he is evidently on unfamiliar ground when he ventures out of the forest, where he is so much at home, into the realms of science—a fact that is accentuated by his misuse of scientific names. The Yellowstone moose, for example, is called after the celebrated naturalist, Hon. Geo. Shiras, *Alces americana shirasi*—the last word of which Mr. Swanson renders as "Shisase." While the Northwest Siberian moose is called by him "Pfiqenmague"—a far cry from its proper name, *pfizenmayeri*, after the renowned German scientist, Pfizenmayer.

Mr. Sutton is director of the Manitoba Museum and honorary curator of the Winnipeg Zoo.



Captain Back's party meeting Eskimos on the Great Fish or Back's River, July 1834.

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luxurious comfort
and warmth.

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